

Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 7

JANUARY, 1943

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Begotten before the daystar, and before all ages,
the Lord our Saviour is this day made manifest to the
world. Thy light is come, O Jerusalem, and the glory of
the Lord is risen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall walk
in thy light, alleluia.

Antiphons from Lauds of Epiphany.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to
draw upon all Catholic magazines and
upon non-Catholic magazines as well,
when they publish catholic articles.
We are sorry the latter cannot be taken
as a general endorsement of every-
thing in the non-Catholic magazines.
It is rather an encouragement to them
to continue using Catholic material.
In this we follow the advice of St. Paul:
For the rest, brethren, all that is true,
all that is seemly, all that is just, all
that is pure, all that is lovable, all
that is winning—whatever is virtuous
or praiseworthy—let such things fill
your thought.



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Editor: Paul Bussard

Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton, Kenneth Ryan
Edward A. Harrigan, Jerome T. Gaspard

Business Manager: Edward F. Jennings



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The Priesthood in Ibero-America

By WILLIAM FERREE, S.M.

How about hands across the canal?

Condensed from the *Apostle of Mary**

Catholic inter-American collaboration must overcome two great psychological handicaps before it can become effective. The first of these is the curious delusion of Catholics that their unity of faith and jurisdiction within the Church confers on them a sort of automatic practical unity throughout the world. The last century and a half has witnessed a remarkable growth of international organizations of all kinds—a very considerable part of them hostile to Christianity—yet there has been no corresponding movement among Catholics even for purposes of elementary defense.

The second psychological handicap is our even more curious delusion that when we have merely protested against the activity of Protestant missionaries or secularistic "good willers" in† Ibero-America we have somehow done all that can be expected of us, when as a

matter of fact the only practical course is to get into the field ourselves and go to work. How we ever came to believe that it redounded in some manner to our credit to admit that our separated brethren were the only ones working in inter-American collaboration will be a problem for historians. Perhaps with their long-range view they may find some reasonable explanation, or at least excuse; but to a contemporary it looks very odd.

There are some idealists and romanticists who seem to think that we with our secularized and commercialized civilization have simply nothing to offer. This idea of us down there is as wrong as our shallow misconceptions of Ibero-American Catholicism are. The simple fact of the matter is that both North American and South American Catholics have strong points and weak points; and by an extraordinary disposition of providence, each is strong just where the other is weak. A

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, July, Aug., Oct., Dec. '42.

*108 Franklin St., Dayton, Ohio. October and November, 1942.

better opportunity for really fruitful collaboration could hardly be imagined. Up to now, we have made little use of it except as a sop to our complacency. Since each side is strong just where the other is weak, carefully selected comparisons can always be made which will gratify the vanity of the person making the selection.

A very slight step forward could make of these exasperating comparisons an exceedingly useful step towards collaboration. Why should we not each figure out, from our strong points which we know pretty well, just what our own part of America has to offer to strengthen the deficiencies of the other (which we also know pretty well)? On this basis we of the U. S. would leave it to the Ibero-Americans to tell us what they think they can offer to fill our needs.

In dealing with cultures so different as those of North and South America, which yet have a fundamental unity in Catholicism, one can never know when, as by a flash of lightning, some totally unsuspected weakness or strength will be revealed. There is, for instance, the story of some very satisfied Catholics of the U. S. who were showing a Paraguayan through the school of medicine of one of our Catholic universities. The Paraguayan, whose country does not have even one Catholic university, and would not dream of a Catholic medical school, was impressed with the institutional strength of the Church in what is after all a predominantly non-Catholic country. Then they came to the morgue, where the cadavers were kept

for dissection. It was a cold-storage room, much better than the old system of storing the cadavers in tanks of formalin, and the bodies were supported neatly against bare walls. The Paraguayan seemed disturbed at the sight, so his guides thought they ought to explain the role that cadavers play in medical instruction. He quickly assured them that he understood that, but wondered whether it would not be the Christian thing to do to hang a little crucifix around the neck of each one as long as it was thus in storage. "In fact," he went on to say, looking around the spotless chamber, "there is not even a crucifix on the walls. It is cold here." The guides are still wondering who received most to think about during that visit, and whether technical efficiency alone makes a good school of medicine.

The great problem of Ibero-America which underlies and largely explains all its other problems, is an extraordinary scarcity of clergy. And as usual, North America's greatest strength exactly complements this weakness. There are in the U. S. alone more priests and Brothers and Sisters than in all 20 of the Latin American nations together. And when Canada is included in the North American total, the contrast is still more startling.

Statistics are hard to come by for these countries, and when found do not always agree; but in 1938 both Brazil and Colombia published national Catholic directories which permit detailed comparison with U. S. statistics. The U. S. for that year was credited with

21,451,460 Catholics, whose spiritual needs were ministered to by 32,668 secular and Religious priests, 7,600 Brothers, and 144,000 Sisters. At the same time in Brazil the needs of 36 million Catholics were being cared for by only 5,016 priests, 2,726 Brothers, and about 8,500 Sisters; while in Colombia, one of the South American countries where the Church is best organized, 8,655,167 Catholics were being cared for by 2,868 priests, 526 Brothers, and 5,734 Sisters.

These two Ibero-American countries taken together thus have considerably more than twice as many Catholics as the U. S., yet their combined ecclesiastical establishment is less than one-fourth as great in regard to priests, one-half as great for Brothers, and one-tenth as great for Sisters. Or, to group the entire personnel, the U. S., with fewer than half the Catholics of these countries, has more than seven times their combined ecclesiastical and Religious personnel!

These two countries are typical rather than exceptional cases. The latest general statistics of Catholic life which can boast some objectivity for both Americas are probably those of Streit's *Catholic World Atlas* of 1929. These show for all Ibero-America a total Catholic population of 84,909,451, ministered to by 18,525 priests, 2,029 Brothers, and 12,924 Sisters. Few of these antiquated statistics for Ibero-America are complete, but even a generous upward revision does not affect the startling fact that the U. S. alone has more priests and Religious than all of these countries taken together.

After 1938 came the Great War, and with it came the end, for many years probably, of the importation of European clergy and Religious into Ibero-America, where they often made up from a third to a half of what sufficiency there is.

With the background of our own remarkable achievement of having passed from a missionary country to one of the best-staffed and most highly organized sections of the Church in the space of three generations, we may be tempted to condemn Ibero-America in this regard. But it would be unwise to yield to that temptation. What is needed is understanding rather than judgment.

One of the most important factors in the problem of vocations is an intangible something which we may call a tradition of vocations. We frequently find two parishes apparently similar, even in the same city, one of which regularly has several vocations every year, while the other has not had a single vocation in the memory of its oldest resident. Will we say that the one is made up of good Catholics and the other not? Not necessarily: it seems that the question of a vocation must present itself to a young man or woman in a very personal way before it is acted on, and when their own companions and friends and neighbors have vocations year after year, the question *does* so present itself to them. But when none of their own friends and acquaintances has ever responded to a vocation, the question still arises, indeed, but in an impersonal and de-

tached way—much as the question of becoming president presents itself to every American boy—but they do not work at it!

Now Ibero-America is a whole continent without a tradition of vocations. Its mother countries were Catholic Spain and Portugal, and these latter found it good colonial policy to send constant replenishments of priests and Religious, just as it sent replenishments of governors and other officials. Our own mother country was Protestant England, and from the beginning our choice was clear: either we would supply our own vocations or we would have no priests and Religious. We supplied them, and in so doing have built up one of the strongest traditions of vocations in the world.

Then there is the Indian problem. When Ibero-American Catholics chose to bring the Indian with them into the kingdom of Christ they condemned themselves at the same time to move no faster than the Indian could move. The Indian has not yet come to the point where he can supply numerous vocations, though there are notable individuals who have risen high in ecclesiastical circles. It is one thing to blame Peru, for instance, for supplying only about 1,200 or 1,300 priests for almost 7 million inhabitants: it is quite another thing to realize that only about 700,000 of those inhabitants are of European blood, and hence ordinarily available for vocations. This condition does not obtain in some of the countries like Argentina, Chile, and others; but it is sufficiently general to be called

characteristic of Ibero-America. "The Indian is our glory—and our cross," say the South American Catholics. For us of the U.S., the Indian is not a cross—nor is he a glory for us!

Next comes the absence of a strong middle class in Ibero-America. We of the U. S. do not get our vocations either from the "upper 400" or from the sharecroppers and the "Okies"; but to a great extent these upper and lower classes are the only ones that exist in Ibero-America. The great middle class from which our priests come is only now coming into being in those countries. This is not all South America's fault; it is a condition inseparable from a "colonial economy" in the international trade which has been practiced up to now, of which our own country has not been the least exponent.

Next comes the social standing of clergy and Religious. In our own country priests and Religious are universally respected, and enjoy a high level of professional training and achievement. A vocation is still a personal sacrifice—and a great one—but it has its compensations for young people even in the natural order. But not so in Ibero-America where that strange blight of Catholic countries in the 19th century—anticlericalism—was extraordinarily acute, and systematically deprived the clergy of every element that it could of social status and prestige. Up until recent times a vocation there has been all sacrifice, with no compensations but those of grace. This is all right for formed Religious already working almost exclusively with supernatural mo-

tives; but the point is that young people deciding their vocations cannot be expected to be *already* working exclusively with supernatural motives, and they decide with the motives of youth. When the anticlerical states withdrew public support from religion, the clergy made the mistake of trying to carry the whole burden themselves instead of organizing the private support of the people. They gave up their food, clothing, shelter, and even training in a desperate but individualistic effort merely to keep going, and thus themselves contributed to their loss of social status. Such action was not wise, but it cannot be said that it was not devoted, even heroic.

There are other contributing causes, but these are sufficient to show that in even so notable and fundamental a deficiency as this, a sincere effort at understanding leads not to condemnation, but to mutual respect, and to a greater appreciation of the obligation of charity that we have one for another.

It is precisely in its weakened condition that the Church of Ibero-America must withstand the extraordinary influx of Protestant missionaries, an influx brought on by the recall of these missionaries from war-torn Asia and the Near East, by the interest aroused through the good-neighbor policy, and by the desire of the missionary organizations to regain a failing public support by riding the crest of this aroused interest in our neighbors to the south. It does not need an extraordinary acquaintance with history, and with the operation of social forces, to recognize

that here are the makings of a true crisis in Catholic life throughout a whole continent, and that the most solidly Catholic continent in the world!

What is the answer? This, too, does not need extraordinary vision or intelligence: the obvious answer lies in the power of that country which by itself has a greater combined ecclesiastical and Religious personnel than all these understaffed countries taken together. Not only do we have adequate personnel to help in the crisis, despite the urgency of our own needs, but the inexorable logic of war with its interrupted communications has brought it about that our country is the only one in the world from which help can possibly come in sufficient abundance. Canada also may help somewhat, being relatively as well off as the U. S. in this matter of personnel; but its total resources are much smaller.

To these considerations must be added another and graver one which constitutes, at least in the opinion of this writer, an obligation of conscience which rests upon the Catholics of the U. S. We are told by our friends to the south—and we do not have to be told to know it—that it is mostly the international influence of the U. S. that accounts for the great Protestant and secularist efforts being made in Ibero-America in its hour of crisis. If those efforts were balanced by a correspondingly great effort of the Catholics of this country, there would be no great danger at all; but the simple fact is that American Catholics have so seriously defaulted in carrying their part of the

international influence of our country that throughout the length and breadth of Ibero-America the very name North American has come to be a synonym for Protestant.

Certainly our country is not entirely Protestant and secularist in its composition — the foregoing statistics should be proof enough of that. Are we then permitted to hand over to others our own share in its international influence, by the simple expedient of remaining inactive? Or are we not morally bound, by an obligation of social justice, to organize our participation in that influence at least to the point where it really reflects the actual composition of our country?

On the day that we meet this obligation of social justice, some of the most pressing problems of Ibero-American Catholic life will be well on their way to a solution; and the most effective way to meet it in the critical period of

history through which we are now passing is in the field of personnel, where our opportunity is providentially so great.

We have become accustomed to the idea that our country, with its vast resources and its unhampered freedom to act, is the "Arsenal of Democracy" in a world where tyranny is strong and aggressive. Archbishop Spellman pointed out a holier destiny for those same immense resources and that same freedom when he told a gathering of young people interested in the missions that the U. S. was to become likewise the "Arsenal of Vocations" in a world where countries which had carried the missionary burden through the centuries would themselves need help. Every day of destruction that passes brings this destiny closer to us; and we could do well to start meeting it now in that part of the world where our good neighbors live.

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Irrelevant pomposities are a foreign language to Mexico. For the Mexican realities are different from ours. Our educational thought, product of our prosperity, is concerned with polishing, refining, and adorning the educational process. Our educators speak a highly intellectualized language, made up of abstract ideas and occupational technicalities—a language that is often pure nonsense, and that has very little content when it is not nonsense. Our education is remote from the real processes and needs of our society, it has lost its way; and our educators, like poets in a period of decadence, waste themselves in preciousness and in subtleties and figures of speech. But meanwhile our prestige is such that there is a flow of translated pamphlets to our Latin-American neighbors, about the methods of this or that private school in some prosperous suburb in Connecticut; about some pedagogic experiment much bedeviled with scientific checks and counterchecks. It is rarefied, useless manna to lands that are literally parching with thirst, where the elementary needs of water and food and shelter and clothing must yet be conquered. Let us stop sending them our intellectual waste products, and really try to understand them.

From *The Days of Ofelia* by Gertrude Diamant (Houghton Mifflin, 1942).

Workingman's Request

Mass pressure

By TIM O'BRIEN

Condensed from *Orate Fratres**

Liturgical spirituality gives direction and fullness of meaning to Catholic social action, but the closest many workers like myself come into contact with liturgical inspiration is through occasional magazine articles. My association with Catholic social action is constant and close, but I do notice that the trail to what we would achieve socially seems ever dark. The markers are not there. It seems they are loaned out, or stored away, or we hear of someone using them occasionally, maybe in Chicago.

To look back to the time when I left Marx for Christ is to recall a great peace and an unregrettable event. Being among the social-minded, it was easy to know the great harvest that could be reaped from seeds planted by persons like the late Dom Virgil Michel. Wages, property, cooperatives: these he wrote about in an understandable way. But he wrote about them in their relation to something much higher and something without which all his social writings would mean nothing. My particular contention is that the material side of social reform is easily accessible to most Catholic workmen, but that its relationship to the spiritual side is grossly neglected, or at least most inadequately presented.

Since my return to Mother Church, I have experienced many moments of

spiritual joy and deepened social understanding. There was the time in Pittsburgh when I sat for four days and most of four nights with a zealous group. We talked of social action. All of us gained much from the talks, and invaluable were the aids we received from priests who were specialists in the field.

Each of the four days was started with a dialogue Mass. It was my introduction to such participation by the laity in the holy Sacrifice, and one of the greatest experiences of my life. And on the very first day one of the priests made a comparison between the aspects of our individual and collective action in the social field and at Mass. He even used the term, "Mass pressure upon God."

Shortly after, I learned that there was public Compline in a New York church. I don't know how widespread this movement may be; but there must be a great thirst for this form of public worship among those who know what it is and what it means. And after one has learned to pray with the Church, and has realized how "normal" this should be for all the Church's members, it is quite shocking to realize that the vast majority of Catholics do not even know that there is such a thing as Compline. Another experience I remember with gratitude is my stay at

*Collegeville, Minn. Nov. 1, 1942.

the Catholic Worker House in New York City. Everyone there took part in communal evening prayer.

Soon after I came back into the Church, a seminarian gave me a missal. By now he is a missionary somewhere in China. I doubt if he could ever appreciate the vast new fields he opened up for me, since I am no longer one who just "hears" Mass. In my pre-Marxian days I knew little more than that one said the Confiteor while the priest was at the foot of the altar, the colors of the vestments were nice, and black was the only color with which I could associate anything.

In my neighborhood the residents are working people. Their fatigue, their economic worries are not unlike mine. They "hear" Mass in great numbers, but usually there aren't more than two missals in the whole congregation. I know from experience how easy it is, after a hard week, to become listless at Sunday Mass, and that is just where full participation would change things a lot. Vocal participation, I mean; not just silent following in a book. Hymns from the choir loft, with the lilting strains of the *Song of India* at the Consecration, are the poorest kind of substitute. In fact, the natural need for public worship in common sometimes expresses itself spontaneously. For example, the Italian women in one of the neighborhood churches often recite the rosary together in the evening. It is not an organized activity, but after a certain number have gathered, sooner or later somebody starts the recitation. Then during Lent I have noticed the

Italians at the Way of the Cross devotion. As a priest proceeds from station to station, people leave their seats and follow him, making the round of the church and praying in unison.

My place of work is in New York City's fur district, and my work is hard. The effects of this work, together with long hours and a lack of heroism on my part, account for my not being too often at daily Mass. But it is gratifying when I do go sometimes at noon to see such great numbers of working-class people there. Just a few blocks south of these churches there are thousands of fur workers who toil hard for their living and whose outlook on life is formed by communistic union leadership. I have often compared the social aims of these communists with those of my fellow Catholics. We protest the same injustices and propose many of our reforms along almost identical lines. Now, unless we consciously stress the spiritual realities, there is grave danger that our attempts to secure social betterment will be based on the same materialist philosophy that inspires our communist brethren. Thousands of Catholic workmen see eye to eye with the socialist-minded on material betterment. But because the emphasis is on the material side of social action, the next step of getting completely into the swing of class hatred can become a very short one.

All this brings to my memory another article. It was written by Father Ellard, and was published in the *Commonweal*. He proposed evening Mass. The suggestion has in the meantime

become reality as far as the armed forces are concerned. But many times I have thought how wonderful it would be if another army, the hundreds of thousands of Catholic industrial workers in this country, could enjoy a similar privilege. Daily Mass attendance for working men and women would increase; the collective action of our Catholic workers would stand out before the world. Often when

I have passed within a half block of my parish church, timing myself to the minute so that I could punch the clock at one minute to eight, I have thought of Father Ellard's article. "Shall I Come to You at Evening Mass?" he entitled it, quoting Shakespeare. Our Lord surely knows that thousands of Catholic laborers are hopefully praying, "Please let us come to You at evening Mass."



Out in the jungle lands of Bolivia the people live in small villages near the river banks or on the fertile hillsides. They are the South American Indians who are, for the most part, descended from the great tribe of Incas.

In the midst of these children, so blissfully innocent of books, I have been ordered to build a school. Not long ago, I was walking down one of the jungle roads trying to select (halfheartedly, I'll admit) a practical location for a small schoolhouse. Coming toward me was a young Indian lad, a fine-looking boy, straight as a sapling, oval-faced, with a firm, level mouth and eyes as black as coal. He carried a fishing pole.

"Good morning, Reverend Monsignor," he said.

"Good morning, young man," I replied. His bearing was splendid, and there was a look about him that suggested pride and self-confidence. "What is your name?" I asked.

"Arturo Sarito Maria Osvaldo Altes, Reverend Monsignor."

"Would you like to go to school, Arturo?"

"No, Monsignor."

"Wouldn't you like to read and write?"

"No, Monsignor."

"Wouldn't you like to learn about the great nations of the world?"

"No, Monsignor."

"What do you like to do, Arturo?"

"I like to fish sometimes, and hunt in the trees for the birds' eggs; but most of all I like to eat."

I watched the lad swing down the road toward the river bank and was sorely tempted to follow him. Arturo did not know it, but he had very nearly made a convert of me.

Alonso E. Escalante in the *Field Afar* (Nov. '42).

It Is What You Like

By THOMAS A. FOX, C.S.P.

Condensed from the *Missionary**

Love makes the world go round & round

There was probably never a time when there was more dogmatizing than there is today. In every field the *expert* is honored; and the expert is one supposedly so versed in his line as to deserve implicit confidence in what he says. Daily journalism affords another instance with its pontificating columnists who are handsomely paid, not to guess or opine (for we all can do that), but to dogmatize. Unless thousands hung devoutly on their words, they would not be sought after by practical-minded publishers. We no longer scan the merits of a question; we scan the minds of the columnists. But nothing perhaps better illustrates the flinty dogmatism of our times than those ideologies which the various dictatorships use as a front or window-dressing for their political schemes. Such manifestoes are known as "the party line," and the party line is grim dogma, subject to change only by the top-dog messiah himself.

Strange to say, however, in spite of this wanton dogmatism, there is no more bitter term of reproach among us than the word dogma. Call a man dogmatic to his face, and you had better smile when you say it. But how does it happen that, wallowing in dogmas as we do, we nevertheless shrink from the term itself?

It is because *dogma* happens to have

a connotation that is distasteful to the modern mind. Moderns do not shy from dogma, really, but only from a particular dogmatic religion. Moderns do not bridle at creeds, for life is full of them, but only at the particular creed of Christianity or Catholicism. Moderns do not look askance at authoritative statement, for our journals, loud-speakers and lecture halls reek with it, but only at the authoritative utterance of the Vicar of Christ. And because the word dogmatic also describes the august character of Catholic doctrine, it is to present-day minds a term of opprobrium.

St. Paul preached to the intelligentsia of Athens, and got a cold reception. The better-class Athenians were a superlatively smart set and notoriously anxious for knowledge. Their usual greeting was, "What is new?" or "What do you know?" But St. Paul was one novelty the Athenians did not welcome. He was too peremptory for their lounging, speculative minds. He did not speculate, he "told" them; and he told them that the eternal Son of God had come to earth in the person of Jesus of Nazareth and redeemed us from our sins; and therefore His words are true and His precepts not to be shrugged aside. Dogmatically enough, he sought to superimpose the mind of Christ on the Athenian mind (so smug

*411 W. 59th St., New York City. November, 1942.

in its own conceits), to be the yardstick of its wisdom. But the proffered yardstick was not bland or carnal enough for the Athenians. It was too straight and narrow for their ranging and devious mentality; too hard a saying for their nonchalance; too relentlessly sincere for their sophistication. They preferred their "reprobate sense," as St. Paul called it, referring more especially to some anomalous goings-on among them.

Yes, the Athenians (as one of our secular journalists might say) were decidedly averse to dogma. But, significantly, when St. Paul characterized them and their ilk to the Christians at Rome, he did not say that they were reluctant to entertain dogmatic truth in their "frame of reference." He was much more penetrating in his observation, and said simply that "they liked not to have God in their knowledge" (Romans 1:28). Cardinal Newman said much the same when he inveighed against the omission of Christian doctrine from the modern university curriculum. He considered that such ignoring of theology practically amounted to atheism, arguing that if one believes in the existence of God and in a considerable fund of certain knowledge about Him, how in all conscience can one profess to teach universal knowledge, while omitting to teach the knowledge about God. Professor Sorokin, in *The Crisis of Our Age*, shrewdly describes the mentality which was so revolting to Newman, when he says, "Only what we see, hear, smell, touch, and otherwise perceive through

our sense organs is real and has value. Beyond such a sensory reality, either there is nothing, or, if there is something, we cannot sense it; therefore it is equivalent to the nonreal and non-existent. *As such it may be neglected.*" Here we see why the science of God is so airily dismissed from non-Catholic education, and why the will of God figures so negligibly in modern reckonings.

St. Paul further elucidates the Athenian mentality, not to mention the mentality of our own times, when he says, not that the Athenians did not *choose* to have God in their knowledge, but that they did not *like* to have God in their knowledge. In other words, they ignored the science of God, not simply for reasons of the head, but more especially for reasons of the heart. He was ousted from their affection.

The Catholic school is a smiling green oasis amid the dreary waste of our modern dislike for dogma, which is to say, for the science of God. The Catholic school indeed likes to have God in its knowledge, in its teaching, in the hearts of its pupils. For of course we must keep Him in our hearts if we are to keep Him in our heads. Moreover, the heart has reasons of its own for belief in Him—reasons which supplement, vivify and reinforce the reasons of the head.

It is rather a misnomer to speak of persons having strong-or weak wills. Barring pathological exceptions, everyone is strong-willed in pursuit of what the heart is set on. Therefore it is not a question so much of native strength

or feebleness of will but rather to what values the will is attached. Hence the striking definition given by Bernadette Soubirous, "A sinner is one who loves evil."

The great trouble with the world today arises not so much from its intellect as from its affection; not so much from its ideas as from its undisciplined desires. Aristotle pointed out the plague spot centuries ago when he said (*Politics* ii. 7): "It is not the possessions but the desires of mankind which require to be equalized, and this is impossible, unless a sufficient education be provided." Christ would seem to confirm this view, for His Beatitudes are a benediction principally on the right sort of desires: "Blessed are the poor *in spirit* . . . the clean of heart . . . they who *hunger and thirst* for justice." The Catholic school has for its chief function to educate desire according to the mind of Christ. And in doing this, it is making, as Aristotle would have to allow, the one invaluable contribution to the amelioration of our times.

But, heartrending though the admission be, we must look for no lasting change for the better in modern life, for no reform and education of desire, until a much larger percentage of our fellow men come to "like God in their knowledge"; until their sentiments are ranged around the central Reality and highest Value, the absolute and everlasting Good. God must return not only to their heads, but more especially to their hearts. Buffeted as we now are by indescribable evils, all men of

good will sigh desperately for a return of righteousness while ignoring the Source. Or to put the cataclysmal problem in a Christian phrase: we languish from a lack of godliness in human life, whether of nations or of individuals. Men have ceased to be godly and have grown devilish in their rapacity, hatreds and cruelty. But far too many of those who are nobly striving to relieve our plight need to be reminded that there can be no godliness without God.

Truly our earth is being shattered under the titanic bludgeonings of a war which envelops the globe. But God knows how to bring good out of evil. As Thompson imagines Him saying:

All which I took from thee I did
but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek
it in My arms.

All this misery and bloodshed will not have been in vain if it brings the modern mind, and more especially the modern heart, to repent of its apostasy from God. There are those who, like Sorokin, see us "at one of the epoch-making turning points in human history, when one fundamental form of culture and society is declining and a different form is emerging." If such be the revolutionary temper of the times, it may well be that mankind is at long last returning from its Babylonian captivity under sense knowledge and sense values to the supreme Reality, supersensible and absolute, which is God.

Hunger Strike

By EVERETT F. BRIGGS

Condensed from the *Field Afar**

Simple, if you can do it

Time was when I voluntarily went without a meal or so to emphasize disapproval of parental decisions, but I never thought to see the day when, a grown man and enjoying the use of reason, I should get involved in a full-fledged hunger strike.

The police of Shiga Ken, where I have spent a decade of mission labor, like inferior officials everywhere, seek to shine by a display of overofficial zeal. Though the Japanese government has formally recognized the Catholic Church, these Shiga gentlemen embarked on a personal rampage of petty persecution after the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and the U. S.

On the evening of Dec. 8, I was interned, with three other Maryknollers and an aged Dutch gentleman, in the cold, damp, dark basement of our Orsu church. We were not allowed to get in touch with Monsignor Furuya, our Japanese Ordinary, or with the Swiss consul, or indeed with anyone.

After a few days we were transferred to my former residence where we were so mercilessly crowded that we yearned for fresh air and exercise. My meager stock of food was quickly exhausted, now that my household of one had suddenly expanded to five. On Christmas day, for example, we "banqueted" on a mess of boiled rice and sauerkraut.

It was not these personal inconveni-

ences, however, which distressed me most. In the Orient the ubiquitous "bamboo wireless" seeps through all barriers, even through those erected by our petty potentates of Shiga Ken. I heard that my catechist had been jailed, for no other reason than having faithfully served me. Word reached me, too, that almost half the adult members of my congregation had been summoned to the Station House, and there grilled for eight and ten hours at a time, in order either to deter them from the practice of their faith, or to stampede them into falsely attributing criminal actions to me. In many parts of Japan, it required heroic faith to be a devout Christian in the early months of 1942.

My Japanese housekeeper, too, was constantly harassed by the police and pagan neighbors, her difficulties increasing as the food problem became more and more acute. She was one of my first Christians here, and had seen the parish grow from a handful of Catholics, who worshiped in a renovated bakery, to a congregation of more than 100 in the prettiest church in town. Now, as conditions became worse, I feared that her health would break under the strain, and I advised her to resign. Though she often cried at her work in the kitchen, she closed her ears to the suggestion.

Meanwhile, the Shiga police were

*Maryknoll, N. Y. November, 1942.

endeavoring to represent the church as American property, and therefore liable to confiscation. Sticklers for legalism, they racked their brains to justify the intended steal of this fine new building.

One Sunday after much pleading I was allowed, under guard, to say Mass in my cold, barred church. The local officials had not made this holy place a den of thieves, but from all appearances they were bent on making it a warehouse. The sacristy was full of furniture removed from my house and the Center House at Karasaki. All sorts of things were piled high on one of the altars, and I sensed that curious, if not impious, hands had tampered with the tabernacle.

My heart swelled with righteous indignation as I thought of the woe which had befallen innocent, law-abiding men and women, simply because they had worshiped there a few weeks earlier. It came to me with a poignancy I shall not soon forget that Christ was suffering in the person of those poor, frightened souls. At the same time, I determined that the persecutors should never maneuver me into the position of a spectator who looks with indifference upon the sufferings of his hapless friends.

After Mass I reviewed with my companions the long litany of persecutory acts which the local police had perpetrated against the Church and the faithful of Otsu. We all agreed that the authorities of Shiga Ken were acting in contravention of the expressed policy of the Japanese government. As

long as they could do so in secrecy, there was no limit to the arbitrary mistreatment of the Church they might inflict. Since we were completely cut off from the outside world, it was impossible to break through this screen of secrecy by ordinary methods. As for extraordinary methods, there was little choice, so I resolved on a hunger strike. If Gandhi could do it for India, I could do it for the kingdom of Heaven.

That very day the "bamboo wireless" broadcast to the police the unwelcome tidings that I had begun to fast in protest against their persecution of the Church. From the outset, these representatives of the law were divided on the subject of my fast. Some believed I was in dead earnest (and I was, not touching so much as a drop of water); others believed I was fasting in public, but feasting in private. These latter did not lack reason for their opinion, since I felt, and must have appeared, in better spirits than usual whenever the special agents of the police came to spy on me.

While pretending to notice nothing, I overheard many a comic debate during the ensuing week.

The credulous said, "He is certainly on a black fast. No power on earth can rival religion, and since he is motivated by religious convictions, this is a mere nothing to him."

But the dubious countered sarcastically, "Men will suffer for the sake of religion if circumstances force them to do so, but no one will volunteer to suffer, even for religious motives."

"Ah, yes they will," the believers

persisted. "Did they not do so in the time of Hideyoshi?"

This went on for days. Meanwhile, the pros were taking no chances. They showered me with commands to cease my fast, while I showered them with requests to cease their persecution. Next they attempted to cow me with threats of solitary confinement. When that failed, they played their trump card: "Never again will you be allowed to say Mass." They had begun to suspect that the holy Sacrifice was somehow a fount of mysterious strength.

Our old Dutch fellow internee, a Protestant, must have had a similar suspicion. He told me afterwards that, when he missed me at meals the first day, he thought nothing of it, since he was under the impression that Catholics often fasted. The second day he said to himself, "It must be his holy rule." The third day, "These Maryknoll Fathers certainly lead an abstemious life." On the fourth day all these explanations appeared insufficient, and Mr. van West exclaimed to himself, "Now this *is* something!"

He was not alone in his opinion. Our pompous chief of police had awakened to the fact that it might prove awkward for him if I should die of starvation. Accordingly, toward the end of the week he put in an appearance, accompanied by his inevitable retinue of uniformed assistants. One of these assistants started the fireworks by alleging reasons for confiscating the church. The pent-up torrent of my indignation engulfed him in the twinkling of an eye.

Now that the ticklish subject had been broached, the chief promptly asserted himself, ordering his assistant to desist. Pointing ominously to the chrysanthemum on his cap, he solemnly accused me of opposing the policy of the Japanese government, charging me formally with no less a crime than high treason to His Majesty, the Emperor.

Unfortunately for our "little Napoleon," I knew well that it was not the policy of the Japanese government to persecute the Catholic Church. I lost no time in making a countercharge that he himself was violating the laws of His Majesty, the Emperor, which guaranteed the rights of the Catholic Church. The chief was "on the spot," and he knew it.

In my mind's eye I can still see the chief's young second assistant shudder at my audacity. This unheard-of rebuttal must have sounded the more dreadful because it was with the greatest effort that I rasped out the words from my parched lips and shriveled throat.

Our Shiga Ken potentate, however, had not done with subterfuge. "If you had dropped dead from exhaustion," he demanded, "what would they have said in America?"

"In that event," I replied as smoothly as possible, "you would have been a world figure by now."

"They would say I murdered you," he protested.

"No," I answered quietly, "but they would say that you persecuted religion, which is a hundred times worse."

"Not at all!" he contended impa-

tiently. "They would say I killed you."

He paused only long enough for breath—then went at it again with new reserves of bluster. "If, after fasting for weeks, you were to learn that I had no intention of ever opening the church, what then would you do?" he queried.

"I would continue to fast," I said calmly.

"Are all Americans like you?" demanded the exasperated chief.

"I dare say that many are," I informed him.

He pondered this unpalatable statement briefly; then cried resolutely, "If you think you can force me to open the church, you are much mistaken!"

Thereupon "little Napoleon" clutched his gold-hilted sword and strode imposingly out of the room, his several assistants tiptoeing after him.

At the close of the week, the authorities abandoned their absurd claim that the church was enemy property. Monsignor Furuya was summoned to the provincial office, duly registered as pastor of the Catholic church in Otsu, and presented with the keys thereof. My catechist was released from prison; and the local Catholics were permitted to resume the practice of their religion with comparatively little molestation.

"Love is stronger than death": this I now know by personal experience to be true.



Cheers in Church

Father Phelan served for a time in Australia. Upon his return to Ireland, in the course of a sermon in a church in Cork, he related one of his experiences in the bush.

He was returning from an outpost one day when a half-drunken man staggered across his path. "Good day, my man," was the priest's greeting.

"You're a Popish priest," the man snarled. "Take that," he added, slapping the priest in the face. "Your religion tells you to turn the other cheek."

"I turned the other cheek," said Father Phelan, "and he slapped me again."

The priest was a tall man. He squared his shoulders as he continued, "My Irish blood boiled. I looked at the big brute, and I stuck my stick into the sand. I took off my hat and put it on top of the stick. I took off my collar and I rolled up my sleeves. 'That's Father Phelan,' I said, 'but here's Tom Phelan's son from County Tipperary,' and I thrashed him to within an inch of his life."

The congregation cheered.

Ephpheta (Aug. '42).

The Faith of a Naval Officer

By LT. CONRAD H. REID, U.S.N.R.

Sailor on solid ground

Condensed from the *Catholic Virginian**

(This letter was sent from a post in the Pacific to Father Edwin J. Lee, pastor of St. Thomas More Church, Arlington, Va.)

Dear Father Lee: Upon my return from my latest jaunt into the land of the gooney bird and coral and jungle and a lot of other strange flora and fauna, I found your letter awaiting me, and it was a source of pleasure to me in many ways. First, because it was so nice hearing from my pastor and, second, because you made me very happy with your lovely description of my little family. Of course, we'll both admit that I knew all along that Helen is the finest of her kind, but it made me feel good all over to read your glowing account. She has been a helpmate to me in too many ways to count, and I have promised her that I shall spend the rest of whatever life may be left to me after this holocaust making up for whatever heartaches I have caused her. I am both humble and proud to be known as her husband.

As for the lad and lassie, they are constant reminders of the infinite goodness of God. I missed not being at Sandy's first Communion and now I must miss his Confirmation. Well, that's the price we have to pay these days, and I'm trying to look at it in the larger perspective rather than cry about it selfishly. The big thing is that he is receiving the sacraments and be-

coming more and more a true child of Christ.

These have been lonely and sad months for me, and you are dead right when you say that the faith has been my consolation. There are times when I feel that, without it, I would go stark mad over the sheer awfulness of it all. I am far from being a behemoth physically or spiritually and what I have to live through probably costs me greater effort than better men. It has been harder than I ever dreamed anything could be, but I've stuck close to Christ and held tight to His hand. I haven't missed a Sunday Communion since coming out here, except when circumstances made it impossible. I have gone to Holy Hour at St. Augustin's, the little church on Waikiki Beach, every Friday I've been in port. I go to church every day it is possible and beg God to give me the strength to carry on, and offer the hardships in expiation of some of my own unkindnesses to Him. I have always reveled in the birthright of my religion. I have been proud to be a Catholic and have thought that I knew what it meant to practice the faith. But I was a neophyte until all this happened. Broad vistas have been opened to my stupid gaze; earth and sky are closer together now than ever before; and God and religion have taken on a very different meaning.

* 811 Floyd Ave., Richmond, Va. November, 1942.

When the breath of death is on your neck most of the time the nearness of God is more apparent. I can truthfully say that I have a more profound, deep-seated faith in His goodness and tenderness than ever before.

My temporary pastor is Father Gabriel Feron, SS.CC., a lovable man with whom I have chatted often. He has given me Holy Communion on several occasions just before I set off on one of my many assignments. The church of which he is pastor is overgrown with bougainvillea and huapala vines and shaded by giant Chinese banyans. It has latticed walls, and one kneeling in the pews can look out at Diamond Head and the blue Pacific. It is entrancing in its simple beauty and seems to bring one closer to the Eucharist than any church I've ever been in. I've met some swell chaplains, too, and have served Mass in strange

places since leaving home. The chaplains have all been good to me and it helps, too, I can tell you, to have a priest near when the going begins to get tough.

I am always busy and even now am stealing a little time to get this written. Have just returned from another of my cruises. Never a dull moment these days and others to come, I guess.

Remember me in your prayers, and never forget that I shall always do the same for you. I have lots to thank God for and I'm not complaining. I am doing what I feel I and every living son must do if we are to have the freedom and peace we've known before. It's a tough ball game but I'll stay in it and go to bat whenever my turn comes. I can live or die, as the case may be, feeling that I have tried hard to live up to my obligations to God and country. Most sincerely, Conrad.



Deportment Department

When the priest comes with the Blessed Sacrament meet him at the door with a blessed candle in your hand. After he has heard the sick person's confession and opened the door, all the members of the family should gather near the bed and pray while the priest administers the last sacraments. Don't stay in another room and talk with your cousin about the weather.

Let the priest decide when to administer Extreme Unction. Don't be so dumb as to think the sick person is going to get worse because he learns he is sick. When the moment of death comes, kneel down and say the Litany for the Dying. Light a candle and put a crucifix in the stiffening fingers of the dying or hold it to his lips. Don't tell him he will soon be well and playing golf.

Missionary Catechist (Oct. '42).

Army of Occupation

By DON CLARK

In the American fashion

Condensed from *Foreign Service**

One cannot help contrasting Hitler's ruthless treatment of conquered peoples such as the Poles, Czechs, Greeks, and Dutch, with that accorded the Germans by Uncle Sam after the bell stopped the last round in 1918. The Old Gentleman with the Whiskers has always abided pretty faithfully by the Marquis of Queensberry's rules while fighting. And he has always been the kind of gentleman who eventually helps his adversary up off the ground after walloping him. Those of us bald-headed vets now in our foolish 40's, who made the long weary trek to the Rhineland after the armistice which halted fracas No. 1, and spent many seemingly endless months there—longing all the while for the old homestead—can vouch for that.

Let me quote verbatim part of the regimental orders read at reveille and retreat formations the day before the old Fightin' 9th Infantry took off for the Rhine from Beaumont, France, as the advance unit of Column No. 1. No doubt all the other outfits involved heard similar orders just before they started picking 'em up and putting 'em down in the direction of *Deutschland*. Here are the orders *we* got:

"Heretofore you have been fighting a valiant enemy with arms in his hands, one who has contested strongly every foot you advanced. From now

on you will go through a territory occupied only by civilians, old men, women, children, and stragglers and deserters from the defeated enemy forces. You will be billeted nightly in their homes. You must show the qualities of forbearance, good conduct, and justice.

"Every American is proud that we entered the war for no material gain and to right wrong. We have abhorred the excesses committed by the enemy. Every one of us must make sure that no such accusations can be laid against us during our occupation of their territory. It is a fact that in thousands of men there are found certain cases of degeneracy, no matter how rigid the examination to weed them out may be.

"It must and shall be the duty of every officer and enlisted man in this command to keep a watchful eye open and, for the honor of his command, to stop at once and report afterwards any cases of attempt at pillaging, theft, brutality, or rape. The punishment for offenses of this kind is death. . . . (Signed) R. O. van Horn, Colonel, Commanding."

The 9th fell in for the march into Germany on the morning of Nov. 17. As we passed through a corner of Belgium, crossed Luxemburg and finally entered Germany on Dec. 11, we were always on the heels of the retreating German forces. Cast-off equipment

*406 W. 34th St., Kansas City, Mo. September, 1942.

was much in evidence as the Krauts had a bellyful of war and all its accouterments, just as they will again have very shortly when Uncle Samuel really gets going on all six cylinders. They also often had a bellyful of nice juicy horse steak, judging from the number of carcasses we passed along the road. Often they stopped only long enough to remove the choicest portions of Old Dobbin's hindquarters, leaving the unappetizing remainder by the roadside. Since then I've never been hungry enough to "eat a horse."

All the towns and villages appeared deserted as we passed through, with the citizens hiding behind closed doors, shutters drawn; not a man, woman or child, nor even a domestic animal of any kind was in sight. The German population was scared to death, evidently looking for some of the same medicine their braves had dished out back in France and Belgium.

What a change came over the populace shortly after we reached our destinations on the Rhine. The Germans took to the American soldiers like a grass widow goes for alimony. There were, of course, several reasons. No hostages were lined up and shot for infractions of military ukases. There were no American *Verboten* signs, no pushing around of helpless civilians, no confiscating of food or anything else, no brutal treatment. Doughboys shared tobacco and grub with Herr Schmidt, brought tears of joy to Frau Schmidt's eyes with gifts of long-forgotten and almost priceless pepper, tea, and coffee from the commissaries, stuffed the kids

with chocolate and American candy.

Granted, there may have been a few brawls, culminating from too much Rhine wine, and generally touched off by M. P.'s enforcing our own army's 9-o'clock closing laws for the local beer garden. These invariably resulted in some broken windows from flying bottles or perhaps a scratch or two on the furniture. I remember yanking the signal cord which started a streetcar bound for Coblenz one day, leaving a highly exasperated and gesticulating German conductor far behind, all unbeknownst to the motorman up in front. But the car was already jammed full of Americans, and besides, what would the conductor have done with the assortment of cigarette coupons and soap wrappers he would have collected for fares?

Occasionally a few overbearing and careless German males accidentally fell off the pontoon bridge at Coblenz after failing to salute various buck privates among those uncouth Yank artillerymen who lived temporarily in Ehrenbreitstein fortress across the river. However, the water was warm and the river police invariably fished them out. These were commonplace matters that are likely to happen anywhere in the best-regulated armies.

German hospitality often took a surprising turn. The innkeeper of a small hostelry in the village of Dierdorf, where a number of us were quartered for a couple of months, asked me one afternoon to buy him some "eatin'" tobacco from our canteen. His mouth had been watering for this delectable

luxury for nearly three years. When I finally planked down a whole slab of "Horseshoe" on the table in front of his astonished eyes his appreciation was heartrending. From the top shelf of a cupboard he hauled down a lovely big bottle which contained a liquid as limpid as the famed blue waters of Minnetonka. The old gentleman caressed the bottle with loving hands, then ceremoniously polished up two generous glasses.

When the cork came out I unconsciously reached for the gas mask which I didn't have along, but Heinrich reassured me, and I ignored the odor which immediately permeated the whole room. Never one to hesitate long at investigating unfamiliar portions—purely from a scientific standpoint of course—and knowing my government insurance policy was in good standing, I picked out a clean spot on the floor for an emergency landing and held up three fingers.

He called this particular brand of poison schnapps, but it was a species of dynamite the Heinies brewed from potatoes. Possibly, due to the scarcity of good potatoes in those parts, a few old boots and discarded harness were thrown into the mash to give the final product more body. Heinrich poured and we *gesundheited* everybody from President Wilson to Marshal Hindenburg. He poured quite a number of

times. It wasn't bad after a fellow got his breath! The last thing I recall was my annoyance because he couldn't get the baritone to *K-K-K-Katy*.

When old Anton Syrie found that two dozen of us were to be billeted in his dance hall on the outskirts of Bendorf-am-Rhine, he couldn't have been very happy over the prospect. Some of the Syrie tribe were in the German army and hadn't returned from the battlefields of France, in the first place; and in the second, quartering soldiers in his place of business knocked the props out from under his livelihood. He had a wife and three small children to support. Nevertheless, within a few weeks old Anton had constructed makeshift beds for the entire gang out of precious saplings cut from his own private grove. When he decided we must be uncomfortable sleeping on the wooden floor, you can bet your bottom dollar it wasn't any Hitler tactics on our part that instigated this anxiety about our comfort. And so it went.

"Any cases of attempt at pillaging, brutality, or rape, will be punishable by death!" Those orders, issued to American troops before their invasion of Germany in 1918, offer a vivid illustration of the difference between our methods and those of Hitler. Uncle Sam's vets have no repugnant or shameful memories of their "Watch on the Rhine."

❖

A snob is a person who wants to know only the people who don't want to know him.

Belfast *Farmers' Journal* quoted in the *Irish Digest* (March '42).

Rehearsal for Scrimmage

By ARTHUR DALEY

Foot-bawling out

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**

Masters of oratory among football coaches have always had the trick of arousing their players and of tapping reserve strength which means victory. In fact, football history is jammed with tales of games which were won in between-the-halves maneuvers.

One story I have always liked concerns that grand old man of the mid-way, Amos Alonzo Stagg. His University of Chicago eleven was on the verge of being upset when Stagg went to work on them at the half.

Demosthenes never touched greater oratorical heights; Roosevelt was never more persuasive, nor Churchill more indomitable. As Stagg thundered to a close he pointed to a door and belted, "Rush out that door and bring back victory!" Blinded by tears and rage, the football players stampeded out the door—into the swimming pool.

Ordinarily a coach knows enough to send his boys out the right door but sometimes one gets so enraptured by his own pleading that he steps off the deep end himself. Sleepy Jim Crowley of Fordham (pardon, I mean Lt. Comdr. James C. Crowley, U. S. N. R., of North Carolina Pre-Flight School) delighted to tell the story of the abstemious gent who not only was a prohibitionist to the core but the strictest of disciplinarians as well. Deep was his sorrow to learn that two of his

heroes had relaxed with more enthusiasm than judgment the night after a tough game. So the coach called the squad together, fired the two culprits off the team, and waxed eloquent on the subject of John Barleycorn.

He was blazing with righteous indignation as he reached the end. Fixing his players with burning gaze, he asked in sepulchral tones, "And if there is any man here who has ever touched a drop of alcohol, I want him to turn in his suit. Is there?"

The boys stirred uneasily for a moment and a big tackle shamefacedly elbowed his way forward. "Coach," he said, "I once had a glass of beer."

"Get out," screamed the coach.

Then the Big Parade started. A squad of honest young beer drinkers headed en masse for the nearest exit. All the coach had left were his principles. Since he couldn't start 11 principles in the big game that week he swallowed his pride and summoned them all back.

The late Knute Rockne used to figure that not only was everything fair in love and war but also in football, at least psychologically. He pulled one rabbit out of the hat when the Four Horsemen were sophomores.

Between halves of the game with Georgia Tech, Rockne nervously thumbed through a batch of telegrams

*141 E. 65th St., New York City, November, 1942.

and finally held one aloft in trembling hands. "Boys," he said with a sob in his voice, "this one is from Billy. Yes, from my son, Billy. They had to take him to the hospital today. Rockne's voice broke completely. With an effort he gathered himself together and continued, "He says in his telegram that he wants his Daddy's team to win for him. That's all, boys. Go out there and win."

Sleepy Jim Crowley told me that Notre Dame played with such frenzied determination in the second half that Georgia Tech could not have stopped the Irish with tanks or machine guns. Final score, 13 to 3.

But suppose we let Somnolent James finish the tale. "We were still bruised and battered," he recalls, "as the train chugged into South Bend. There was a huge reception committee waiting at the station and right in the middle of the front line was Billy Rockne. I never saw a healthier looking child in my life. He just exuded vitality. I cast a reproachful glance at Rockne. And he had the temerity to wink at me."

As a rule, however, Rock did not have to prevaricate. He was the All-American dressing-room orator. That matchless vibrant voice of his could stir emotion in a stone. Yet the most dynamic talk he ever delivered to a Notre Dame team consisted of only three words. It was on the occasion of the game with Northwestern. The lads from South Bend had given a sorry first-half exhibition and were trailing 10 to 0.

As they trudged to their dressing

room every man Jack of them was wincing inwardly in anticipation of the tongue-lashing Rockne would deliver. They sat quietly on the benches, feeling every ache and bruise, but all the while watching the door for a wrathful Rock. It began to get on their nerves. Finally one of the officials signaled that it was time to return.

Not until then did the door burst open. Rockne stood framed in the doorway, his eyes ablaze. Then he spoke. "Fighting Irish? Bahl" And that was all. Stung to the quick, Notre Dame won, 13 to 10.

Another masterpiece of brevity was Harry Mehre's classic speech to his Georgia team in the dressing room before a game with Yale in the Yale Bowl. The Elis had had a varying scale of prices that year with its big games in the \$3 and \$4 brackets. The price for the Georgia game had been set at a mere dollar.

Mehre looked over his Georgia boys and said nothing about fighting for the honor of the fair South or even about the Civil War, usually a great talking point for Southern teams. He merely shook his head sorrowfully and remarked, "Just a bunch of dollar ball players." Georgia murdered Yale.

Once there was a coach who became so engrossed in diagramming plays on the board between halves that he discovered to his horror there was no time left for his usual speech. So he took an eraser and, with one sweep, rubbed out every chalk mark.

"Wipe 'em out like that," he said. They did.

Social Security in Chile

Condensed from *Las Americas**

Social security in Chile has been the object of careful study by U. S. government experts. Arthur J. Alt-meyer, U. S. Social Security Administrator, recently returned from Santiago, Chile, where he attended the Pan American Convention on Social Security.

Social security legislation in Chile had its beginning in 1925 under President Alessandri when the *Caja de Seguro Obligatorio*, or Fund of Obligatory Security, was formed. During the last 16 years, the republic has built a code of laws covering social security, public health and social welfare which now ranks among the best in the world.

Each Chilean worker contributes 2% of his wages to the Fund of Obligatory Security, the employer contributes a sum equal to 5% and the government contributes 1½%, making a total of 8½% of all wages available for welfare work. For white-collar workers and what Chile terms "employees"—persons whose tasks require mental rather than physical application—there is a more elaborate system with special safeguards. These safeguards include retirement pay, discharge pay equal to one month's salary for every year of service, and a family-assistance payment which aids in equalizing the burdens of large families.

Of Chile's total population of about 5 million, nearly a million are covered

by some kind of social insurance. In Chile only about 22% of the total population is productively employed, due to her high birth rate. Employees under civil service and employees of Chile's merchant marine each have their own *caja* or fund to which they contribute. These funds were in existence before the over-all national CSO was established.

But, specifically, what does all this add up to? What does the average Chilean worker get out of it?

First of all, a person working in a store, bank, public utility, or in one of the big nitrate or copper mines gets full health insurance. The government of Chile feels that its first duty is to keep its people in good health. A sick citizen is not a producer. If the worker gets sick or is injured, his employer must pay him full pay for the first month, half pay for the second month and quarter pay for the third month. The CSO continues these payments for 26 weeks—half pay if he has a family or dependents, and one-quarter pay if he is single. The CSO provides full medical service, including doctors, surgeons, dentists, hospitals and sanitariums as well as medicine and treatments.

Married women workers becoming mothers are given time off and half pay from the CSO for four weeks. They also get medical and hospital care. In addition they receive an extra 10%

*98-09 65th Road, Forest Hills, N. Y. November, 1942.

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wage bonus each month until the child is one year old. If a worker's wife has a child she, too, receives medical and hospital care. In either case, the child gets free medical care and supervision until it is two years old.

If a worker should die, the family would receive funds to cover funeral expenses. If he has no family, the CSO pays funeral expenses. All workers are entitled also to an invalid's pension equal to half the last year's rate of pay and a retirement pension at the age of 65, the amount of which depends on the amount he has paid into the retirement fund. If he dies before 65, his family receives the sum accumulated to his credit.

Under the law of preventive medicine, each worker is examined periodically by a doctor. If the examiner finds a condition that might become chronic, the worker is put under treatment, and receives from the CSO his full rate of pay during treatment.

These periodic physical examinations of large sections of the population have for the first time given the doctors of Chile sound statistical facts on which to base the nation's health program. They have saved many lives by anticipating illnesses before they became serious.

The government has also created the Family Assistance Fund to equalize the burdens of large families. Each employed person contributes 2% of his pay and an equal amount is contributed by the employer. This fund is divided among all workers who have families or dependents. For each child

under 16 or dependent relative, the worker receives 50 pesos a month in addition to his pay.

The CSO makes loans to workers at a low rate of interest. These loans may be used to build or buy a house, to establish a small business, or for self-improvement or educational purposes; but workers may not borrow money to buy a car or other luxuries. In addition, all employed Chileans get vacations with pay and the CSO has established several seaside and mountain resorts for the lower-income groups.

The greatest contribution of the CSO to the people of Chile, however, is said to be in the field of public health. It has established and maintains 762 medical stations which are recognized as the primary source of medical services for the entire nation. These stations have a record of 2,153,398 consultations in 1940.

The CSO aims to invest its funds where they will not only bring a reasonable financial return but, as far as possible, where they will work to the advantage of the national economy, improve nutrition and establish new industries for the production of commodities which the nation usually imports. Of the last, the manufacture of jute bags is an example. Chile uses millions of jute bags annually in its nitrate industry.

The CSO has been instrumental in the construction of more than 2,000 low-rent houses for its members; five housing communities have been sponsored, three in Santiago and one each in Lota and Antofagasta. Additional

workers' communities are planned for the cities of Arica, Iquique, Antofagasta, Tocopilla, Punta Alto and Isla Teja de Valdivia. The CSO invests annually the sum of 16 million pesos in the construction of low-rent housing.

One of CSO's most spectacular accomplishments is the construction in Santiago of a model milk distribution center at a cost of 10,200,000 pesos. Milk is received from dairies, given bacteriological analysis, then pasteurized and distributed. Among other functions is the distribution of 70,000 pints of chocolate milk every morning through the schools to the poorer children of the city. The volume of milk handled by this station doubled between 1935 and 1939. The pasteurizing plant is now the largest in South America. It has a monopoly of milk distribution in Santiago. The milk distribution service of the CSO has recently been extended to the provinces.

To improve agricultural methods and to raise rural standards of living the CSO operates several model farms which have had an appreciable influence in improving farming methods and living conditions.

It is now planned to reorganize the CSO, to establish larger pension payments and at the same time include under the Social Security Fund all welfare activities of the nation, including the administration of the laws relating to employers' liability for accidents to employees.

Many other South American repub-

lics also have made notable progress in this field. Uruguay was first among the American republics to take active steps toward safeguarding the welfare of its workers and providing for their security during old age. Peru has an excellent social security code dating from 1937. Ecuador enacted its code in 1935. Steps to improve social security have also been taken by Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil and Colombia.

The recently enacted Social Security Code of Costa Rica, the *Caja Costarricense de Seguro Social* of October, 1941, is unique in covering all persons in the republic, regardless of occupation, whose earnings do not exceed a certain amount yearly. It is optional for all others. For this reason it has been described as the most complete and inclusive of all social-security codes in the Americas. The new Costa Rican code aims to guard the individual against most of the normal risks of life, including illness, invalidism, old age and unemployment. Maternity payments are provided, as well as supplementary family allowances, pensions for widows and orphans and death benefits. Its proponents claim that this code embodies the best points of all other social-security systems.

Thus, slowly but surely social security among the other American republics marches on, each nation profiting by the example and experience of the other, and each contributing to the sum total of benefits for all the peoples of the Americas.



Dieppe Raid

By CHAPLAIN J. A. SABOURIN

Condensed from a radio address*

In last month's CATHOLIC DIGEST (p. 18) a commando described the amazing bravery of Father Sabourin in the Dieppe raid. Here the chaplain himself has something to say about it.

You may well wonder about our thoughts as we were crossing the Channel. We were thinking of you, fellow Canadians. We wanted to spare you the horrors of bombardments, we wanted to prevent Hitler from reaching our shores tomorrow to destroy our faith, our tongue and our institutions. We did not cross the channel to fight for England, but we knew that we were going to fight with England for Canada. Do not put words into my mouth. I have not just said I do not love England. I say that we fight with England, our ally.

Why shouldn't I love England? Because she still permits me to recite my prayers on my knees each morning? Because she permits me to say Mass each morning in my church? Because she permits me to teach the catechism in our schools? Because she gives me the liberty each year to have my Corpus Christi processions in any street of my city or country? Because she gives me permission with an open heart, because she leaves me my language, my schools, because she leaves me all my traditions?

I will make a declaration, an act of

faith still greater. At this moment I infinitely prefer to be a loyal British subject; I prefer infinitely more that it be England which guards my liberties today than any other government in the world, and I do not exclude, alas, even France.

I know as you do that the head of the English government—I excuse myself before my Protestant brothers—that the English government is Protestant. Is it your fault that you are Catholics? Is it their fault that they are Protestants?

Then, leave it to providence to do what it has to do. But I do not want to rid myself of the idea that if I have all my liberties in my country, I owe it to England. Despite the fact that the government is not of the Catholic faith, I still prefer to be governed by Anglo-Protestants than to be under the control of Hitler, or of Mussolini, or under any other guardianship whatsoever, when Protestant England leaves me, a French-Canadian, the right and entire liberty to practice my faith, to speak my language, to maintain my traditions. It was for that that we fought at Dieppe.

Towards 7 o'clock in the evening, Lt. Colonel Menard spoke to his men. He began with these words, "Boys, this is it!" His words were greeted with an outburst of joyful enthusiasm by

*Canadian Broadcasting Corp., as reported by the N.C.W.C., 1312 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C. Nov. 14, 1942.

the men, such as I had never witnessed in my life and probably will never see again.

Colonel Menard then announced that the padre would have a few words to say. I got up on a makeshift platform. I felt it my duty, as a priest, to remind them that in a few hours they might have to stand before their Creator.

Never was I more conscious of the sacredness of my trust. Never did I thank God more for having called me to be a priest than at that moment, when I felt that as a priest I was calling on and preparing these boys to be ready to stand before their Master.

Immediately afterwards I gave them general absolution and Holy Communion. But before Holy Communion I said to them, "Boys, the time has come to offer the sacrifice of our lives." I was speaking to young men of 20, of 25. I was asking men with fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and children, men with an ideal, who had been making plans for the future, men who would be glad to see the war end, that they might return to their country—I was asking them to put all this aside and lay down their lives.

As I was giving Holy Communion I could perceive reflected from their bright faces a radiance, a strength, a peace which could only come from above. How grand your boys looked as they were receiving Communion. I

felt them to be strong for I felt it was God who would inspire them in battle; that it was not they who were living, but God who was living within them. Strengthened by this Viaticum, we set out.

Now we had reached the shore. A few minutes later came the order to jump. I saw all my regiment rise to a man, in the face of a hell of steel and fire. Major Painchaud, the second-in-command, was in my boat. He cried to me, "Let's go, Padre," and rushing ahead of me, fell wounded.

I was about to jump when a naval officer grabbed my arm. At that moment, when bullets by the hundreds were whizzing by, why should the naval officer have been struck, and not I? Then, as he collapsed, he pulled me down to the bottom of the boat. As I was giving him first aid I heard one of my boys calling from the bottom of the boat, "Padre! Padre!" I looked at him and saw a torn hand dangling from his arm. I helped him also. I do not like speaking of myself.

There is one incident I cannot forget. While on one of the boats with three soldiers standing beside me, I spotted a German dive bomber swooping down at great speed. "Take cover!" I shouted.

But even then the dive bomber already was strafing us. I saw my three companions drop, mortally wounded. But again I escaped. It was providence.



Psychiatrist (to fellow psychiatrist whom he meets on the street):
"You're fine, how am I?"

Hygeia (Sept. '42).

The Significance of Cooperation

By LEO R. WARD, C.S.C.

It looks like the answer,

Condensed from the *Review of Politics**

When the earliest cooperative societies were formed, the members seem to have assumed that the step had relevance only for themselves and only for their economic good. At Fenwick in Scotland 11 men agreed in 1769 "to take what money we have in our Box and buy what victual may be thought Nessassar to sell for the benefit of our society."

So of those forming cooperative societies now. Most of them do it for immediate and quite practical aims. And yet cooperation progressively affects the whole of society, and we may say that cooperators often come to relish the freedom, responsibility, and effective brotherhood allowed and promoted by their system. They find in cooperation a means to a general social education. At times they hitch cooperation to their religion. They can and regularly do see common ground between themselves and labor.

In spite of opposition from particular political powers, it is evident that cooperation, reducing or deleting such problems as unemployment, dire want, neglected health and bad housing, is at once of importance to the state. And we have at present no other effective check on the movement toward statism.

The economic revolution effected by cooperation is one of the most impres-

sive events of the last 100 years. In our country, cooperation has usually begun among farmers; and among farmers it has been at the start mainly a producers' marketing movement. But counting all lands, it is the consumers' form of cooperation that has had the greatest appeal, and it is this form that in both rural and urban life has latterly spread at high speed. The English above all have developed consumers' cooperation. This began successfully with the Rochdale pioneers in 1844, and the Rochdale principles are now the decalogue of cooperation in all countries.

Consumers' cooperation provides in a dozen countries countless goods and services, such as gas and oil, medicine, insurance, and burial. So far as persons use medicine and hospitals, for instance, they are consumers. Several years ago, in *A Doctor for the People*, Dr. Michael Shadid, the great pioneer in medical cooperation for this country, noted that already we had over 3 million persons belonging to cooperative hospitalization groups. He showed in an experimental way and in the face of official opposition that medical and dental care can be had cooperatively for far less money; in country places, for as low as \$25 a year per family. The story of insurance is just as incredible, especially as worked out these

*University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind. October, 1942.

last few years among farmers in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The economic achievement of consumers' co-ops is already formidable. Marketing and producers' cooperatives are likewise making great strides. Though our first credit union, or people's bank, was organized as recently as 1909 (by Desjardins, at Manchester, N. H.), we now have over 10,000 such banks. Roy Bergengren, who keeps track of their growth, has to rewrite his book every year or two. Right through the hard times these banks stood, scarcely second in security to U. S. bonds. One of their principal aims is to enable poor and moderately fixed people to get loans for productive purposes at reasonable rates and in a democratic way. We need such people's banks. For one thing, the internal debt in this country is vast. On mortgages, open accounts, installment accounts, overdue rents, stuff pawned, and through loans on life-insurance policies, it was estimated in one year at about \$60 billion, and it was judged that when the depression arrived, 98% of our people were in debt. Besides, if poor people can borrow at all, they may in many states legally be charged as much as 42% interest. A chief merit of people's banks is that money paid as interest does not flow into rich centers and big corporations, but remains with the local groups that form the co-operative banks.

If man has no property nor something approaching economic democracy, he is only deceived in thinking he can have democracy. If only a few

enjoy ownership, then the press and the radio and propaganda in general are controlled by them, and democracy in effect means nothing: it is a useful battle cry but, practically, amounts to little. We have good reason to conclude from experience that capitalism, though it can produce so much wealth, can hardly distribute goods and services, let alone distribute the wealth produced.

It is quite possible for a handful of men in a nation or even between and among nations to gobble up both the economic and the political power. What then are we to do? One reply, and not a theoretic one, is this: let the state, as well as it can, keep picking up the pieces, the broken bits of humanity. Let the state also, by way of special taxes, keep checking, as well as it can, the economical and political dominance of the wealthy few. Such procedure, for which something may surely be said, goes by the name of socialism and often in our country by the less offensive name of social legislation and social security. Pushed further, and it is being and will be pushed further, it becomes the controlled and planned society. The political body then has the considerable economic task of planning and thereby attempting to control production, marketing, banking, and insurance, and the whole of our economic life.

For a generation the main social movement has been toward the community, and this movement will long continue. We had got weary of the individualistic way and a reaction was

overdue. Stateism is one form arrived at through the reaction; and, though it impairs the person's functions, it does, in comparison with fascism and communism, leave him whole and entire.

Cooperation, working from the bottom upward and always kept in leash to the people, evidently has in these times an immense political significance. As Dr. Coady has shown in his work on cooperation in Nova Scotia, the people become masters of their own destiny. A main reason for going to stateism or all the way to dictatorship undoubtedly is the lack of economic balance. The central and inclusive problem of our times is the social problem, or, in the words of Pius XI, the "difficult task of human solidarity." Nation is at nation's jowl over markets and raw materials and colonies. Class is in conflict with class on grounds of economic interests. Hence it is easy to see that if cooperation comes from the people and manages to look to their economic good, it has social and political relevance in two great directions. It frees us from any need of stateism, to say nothing of any full-blown dictatorship, and at the same time provides communal living and functioning; and it sees at once to a notable and effective human solidarity, and through that very solidarity it would make possible the necessities of life.

Has it, however, done any such things, or is all this nothing more than talk? The reply given by J. Elliot Ross in his book called *Cooperative Plenty* is one of the best. For nearly 100 years the cooperative enterprise has made

headway, and always against big odds. At first it had to fight against traditional ways, whether good or bad, and it still has to. It still has to fight against men's own apathy and ignorance. Then there were the big official hills to get over. At the outset, of course, hardly anyone bothered his head about the tiny nostrum called cooperation; its general qualities were unknown and unguessed. Little by little—which is properly its way—it gained ground. And then a storm started which has not yet subsided. Finance capitalism regularly did everything it could to get rid of the insidious little competitor. And politics, so often economically determined, at times throws what dirt it can against this democratic movement.

Nevertheless, says Dr. Ross, great advance has been made in spite of such opposition. Certainly cooperation may claim upward of 100 million members and, according to the national body appointed by President Roosevelt to study cooperative enterprise in Europe, 12% of the English retail trade in 1935 was done by cooperative societies. Little by little the thing can be done, beginning with the poorest people and for the most part (Sweden perhaps alone excepted) staying with the poorer people. Though industrial capitalism is not ultrademocratic, surely it is to the credit of the capitalistic system that it is the only one which has ever, over a long period of time, *produced* plenty. What it does not do is to *distribute* plenty, either of goods and services or money. Hence it is not generally effective for the good of the person or of

society. On the other hand, have we had as yet enough experience with the cooperative system to say that along with the fact that it does "effectively attack the roots of maldistribution," it is also a competent provider? What we know is that cooperatives of many kinds have long lived and grown in the most industrialized and capitalistic countries. The presumption is that they may go much further. Whether they can or could supplant capitalism and its attendant stateism, and thus forestall dictatorship economics, is something only the future can tell.

Cooperation plainly has great social and political as well as economic implications. Does this mean that in cooperative democracy the political body is reduced to nullity and is left with nothing more than police functions? Hardly so; and yet it might well be grateful, as some governments have been, to find itself relieved a bit of "the intolerable burdens it has everywhere tried to bear" in these times. Nevertheless, just as cooperation has political and general social relevance, it is also likely that the state, having a life and work of its own, has relevance for cooperation and our total social life. It is true that the distinguished Dr. J. P. Warbasse, fleeing from the whole socialistic-communistic political trend, is at least tempted to suggest that we might by cooperative development quite advisedly by-pass the whole political setup and achieve the nonpolitical cooperative democracy. On this point he is vigorous and much bolder than most cooperators.

Yet few go so far in affirming cooperation as to deny the state. For most persons the more moderate position seems to be the correct one. They think of cooperative democracy as checking the big centralized and irresponsible control often exercised by capitalism or stateism, and yet, of course, as always existing within the political body. It aids this body, and is aided by it. The state does see to police functions, to supervision of the cooperatives themselves for their own health and maintenance, to experiment and research, to roads, treaties and coinage, and to the encouragement of education and religion. The state has a being of its own, because it always has functions of its own, no matter how general cooperation becomes.

Cooperation is relevant to morals and religion. That men should be free and at the same time responsible, and that they should indeed love one another are elemental aims of the cooperative movement. Without freedom, responsibility, and brotherly love neither religion nor morals can be. Its educational value for adults is now, due to the Nova Scotia and the Danish experience, beyond dispute.

Some persons, taking a narrow and unreal view, question whether cooperation can really achieve its ends on a worth-while scale. It must be ineffective, they say, because of heterogeneous interests; also, modern business demands big lobs of funds. For one thing, "big" is a relative term, and, for another, the truth is that the English consumer cooperative groups alone

have a trade of over \$1 billion a year and that from 25% to 30% of the retail trade done in Finland—whether this be judged big or not—is cooperative, and that a cooperative insurance company in our country has assets of about \$3 billion. But, says a political thinker, how can cooperation stop this present war? Says an Indiana farmer, how can cooperation pay the debts into which the midwestern farmer got himself due to inflation during the last war? To which a Cape Breton leader has added an interesting corollary. He has asked me how cooperation can cure certain far-advanced tubercular cases in his group. The reply is that, try as it will, it cannot change the past. On the other hand, cooperation is possibly the biggest step toward achieving international peace; it may be that cooperation, as Danish experience makes fairly evident, can help farmers toward ownership and security; and it may also be, as Dr. Shadid makes clear, that cooperative medicine, dentistry and hospitalization is just what the people need to prevent disease. In any case, say many persons among us, we don't need cooperation: it is only for quite poor and hopeless people—a supposition that implies deep apathy and ignorance. What we need, if we halt at this point, is a bit of education, and the real problem is whether we are capable of receiving it.

And how in any case shall we designate this main and, possibly, only constructive social movement of a century? It is a movement toward democracy in its effective sense. Yet I don't

think anyone claims it is simply identical with democracy. Much less does any of its followers ever grant that it is properly an opening for political or financial spoils: fortunately or unfortunately, its top officers do not get big cash rewards. It takes the profits out of business, a much more radical anti-war step than that promised by Mr. Roosevelt a few years ago: to take the profits out of war, so as to take war out of the world. For a good while the supposition has been that profits are the dynamo and the soul of our economic life and even of our total life. The cooperators claim this is a mistake. Man wants something more native and elemental than profits, and cooperation has over and over shown that banking, commerce and industry can proceed in the interest of the people, with a non-profit motive. But I doubt that cooperation may be defined as a nonprofit economic system, though it manifestly is this, or as the road to peace, though it may be this. How then is it to be designated?

In Nova Scotia, where cooperation has for a dozen years had a remarkable triumph in the restoration of persons and society, they keep saying that it is essentially an educational technique. People have to learn about the situation in which they find themselves—the political, industrial, agricultural and financial situation—with the well-known poverty, insecurity, political corruption, recurrent unemployment; a situation containing nothing to cure the sick social body but a big war now and then. In such a situation, what can

men do close to home to save themselves? This is a question for them to answer. But to answer it they must study the local and regional possibilities. And to do this, they need to work together even in the very learning. In other words, they need cooperative

adult education. Then when they have well begun to learn together, they may begin to act together. Only this procedure can save them, and this, quite to the surprise of the people as well as of the pundits, really can and does save them.



Parting Glances

The hospital in Bataan was bombed again. The walls and roof caved in and the air was thick with dust. Nurses and doctors who were buried in the debris crawled to their feet—most of them—brushed themselves off and went about attending the wounded. Patients heaved themselves off their beds in panic. When the raid was over, 50 men and women lay dead in that hospital, and 140 had been wounded.

Amid this murderous bedlam I saw Father William Thomas Cummings of the Maryknoll Mission standing on a chair. In calm, even tones he began the Lord's Prayer. He was hit by shrapnel. In that swirling dust he looked symbolic, a Christlike figure. His steady voice kept on. Slowly the room quieted. Every person in the hospital able to do so was on his knees, repeating the prayer after the priest.

From "Last Man Off Bataan" by Col. Carlos P. Romulo in *Cosmopolitan* (Dec. '42).



The *Repulse* is going down. Men are jumping into the sea from the four or five defense-control towers that segment the main-mast like a series of ledges. One man misses his distance, dives, hits the side of the battleship, breaks every bone in his body and crumples into the sea like a sack of wet cement. Another misses his direction and dives from one of the towers straight down the smoke-stack.

All around me men are flinging themselves over the side. I sit down and take off my shoes.

Men are sliding down the hull. Extending around the edge of the ship is a three-inch bulge of steel. The men hit that bulge, shoot off into space and into the water.

About eight feet to my left there is a gaping hole in the side of the *Repulse*. It is about 30 feet across, with the plates twisted and torn. The hull has been ripped open as though a giant had torn apart a tin can. I see an officer dive over the side, into the hole beneath the line, back inside the ship.

I half turn to look back on the crazy-angled deck. The padre is beside one of the pom-poms, administering the final rites to a gunner dying beside his gun. The padre seems totally unconcerned by the fact that the *Repulse* is going down at any moment.

From *Suez to Singapore* by Cecil Brown (Random, 1942).

Body Beautiful

By PAUL C. BARTON, M.D.

Condensed from *Life and Health**

Bald heads stay bald

Most of the deodorants on the market are essentially solutions of aluminum salts, which eliminate perspiration from small areas. These are considered to be relatively harmless to most individuals, but some cases of irritation, which may be due for the most part to hypersensitivity to one of the ingredients, have occurred.

Permanent removal of the hair, according to scientific evidence, can be accomplished only by X ray or electrolysis, the use of the electric needle. Neither one of these agencies should be employed except by those who are fully qualified. Fortunately, little attempt has been made to employ X ray for this purpose; but many who are unqualified to practice electrolysis do so anyhow.

Hair may be removed temporarily by certain chemical and mechanical means. The chemicals which are employed are essentially alkaline sulfides, which have the power of dissolving horny substances such as hair. It is possible that in the use of such preparations, more than the hair may be removed.

Several years ago a thalliumacetate preparation was advocated to the general public as a depilatory. This was such an extremely toxic substance that the manufacturer discontinued the item.

The mechanical removal of hair is not so fraught with danger. Hairs can be clipped short and rubbed down with mild abrasive, such as toilet pumice stone. The cosmetic effect of such a process can be improved by the use of a harmless bleaching agent, such as hydrogen peroxide. The other mechanical means which is in common vogue is the so-called wax method, which consists of employing a semi-molten, waxlike substance which entangles the hair and hardens. When the wax is yanked off, the hairs enmeshed in it are pulled out. A certain proportion of hairs removed in this wax will have their roots destroyed, and such hairs, naturally, are gone forever. The bulk of the hairs, however, will grow back in due course, and the procedure must be repeated.

There is no scientific evidence that there is any adequate method of curing an ordinary case of baldness. Massage, which comprises a large part of some of the treatments which are employed, may, by improving the circulation of the scalp, help to retain what hair is left, and may in some cases actually promote the growth of a downy fuzz which may last as long as the treatment is continued. Such growth, however, is not what the reader has in mind when he reads advertisements for various baldness treatments.

*Takoma Park, Washington, D. C. December, 1939.

It is advisable to include all so-called obesity cures in any discussion of cosmetic preparations, although only that class of "obesity cures" which are applied externally can be strictly classified as cosmetics. Strangely enough, those particular items which belong to this group are the ones that are generally considered to be entirely useless. Repeated government actions, including Post Office fraud orders, have attested the fact that the items which are promoted for external application in the cure of obesity will not, of themselves, have the slightest effect on weight. Various creams, ointments, and pastes have been advertised for external application, but if they have been successful to any degree, it has been because certain diet restrictions were recommended by the manufacturers to be used in conjunction with the treatment, and the loss of weight, if any, could be attributed to the dieting.

The most dangerous "obesity cures" are those which will actually achieve a reduction in weight by virtue of increasing the basal-metabolic rate (speed at which the body functions). Naturally, if one burns up more energy than is supplied, there is bound to be a reduction in weight. The two principal items employed for this purpose by "patent medicine" manufacturers are dinitrophenol and thyroid. The former has in some cases caused blindness, and even death. The latter is an endocrine preparation (since it is one of the substances produced by a ductless gland, the thyroid), and its use without the

advice and careful supervision of a physician is entirely unwarranted, and in many cases exceedingly dangerous.

Overweight is not a healthy condition and it is advisable in many cases to take precautions against further increases in weight and in some instances to reduce the amount of weight already attained. However, many women who are within the normal limits of weight as judged by their height and age have attempted to reduce solely to achieve slimness, and have succeeded only to the detriment of their health.

Due consideration must be given many factors which enter into diet restriction. The first of these is the fact that it is necessary to maintain the bodily functions, and this takes a given number of calories a day for each individual, in accordance with the amount of activity in which he engages. Another point is that it is necessary to obtain the nutrition essentials, regardless of how much food is taken. The individual must have so much of each of the vitamins and so much of the essential amino acids (proteins), as well as minerals, to maintain his well-being and his resistance to disease and deficiency disorders. Anyone without a basic knowledge of dietetics and nutrition, and not a little medical knowledge, is in no position to prescribe for himself a diet which will avoid these pitfalls.

A number of years ago certain types of baths were advocated for the reduction of weight, and special bath-salt mixtures sold. The principal effect of such baths is the loss of water through

the skin as a result of the high temperature of the bath. Since the ultimate tendency of this is to make one thirsty, the effects of the bath are lost soon after the thirst is quenched, and, in all probability, the next meal will supply far more energy than has been lost.

Various rolling-pin devices have been advocated in the treatment of obesity, the effect of which is limited to the amount of exercise obtained in the use of the roller, and this would not appreciably affect the weight.

There is another class of preparations which are advocated as "obesity cures," which are essentially nothing but laxatives. The theory of their use is that the food is so hurried through the digestive tract that the ordinary amount of nourishment is not derived from it. The use of such laxative substances, in the absence of any definite need for them, is unwarranted and not without danger of habit formation:

after the intestinal tract becomes accustomed to the regular use of such substances, it relies on them, and constipation may ensue as soon as their use is discontinued.

Many weight-reducing foods have been placed on the market. Some of them are based on nothing more than thin air, while others supply bulk with a low calory content. In the use of any such food, it must be always considered that this substitution may result in lowered vitamin, protein or mineral intake.

Thus while there are many harmless cosmetics, those to which unusual properties and abilities have been attributed are, more frequently than not, harmful from one standpoint or another insofar as they contain potentially dangerous ingredients or ingredients which must of necessity in some cases, and preferably in others, be employed as prescribed by a physician.



Statement by a Negro

If you discriminate against me because I am uncouth, I can become mannerly. If you ostracize me because I am unclean, I can cleanse myself. If you segregate me because I lack knowledge, I can become educated. But if you discriminate against me because of my color, I can do nothing. God gave me that. I have no protection against race prejudice but to take refuge in cynicism, bitterness and hatred.

Andrew Hatcher to the students of Princeton in the *Daily Princetonian*, quoted in *Crown Heights Comment* (10 Nov. '42).

Johnny, Where's Your Gun?

By MARTIN C. WHALING

Condensed from the *Torch**

Preparing shots heard round the world

Are you a family man, classification 3A, young enough to wonder what the people you encounter on the street are thinking because you aren't in uniform? Do you ever yearn to walk up to an appraising pair of eyes and blurt right out, "See here! I'm as good an American as you are. Don't you think I'd like to go, too? Don't you think I know this is as much my war as anyone else's? But I have three kids to support and a mighty fine wife. See how it is?"

If a brain storm ever blows that particular load off your chest, here's hoping you pick on someone who has sense enough to recognize the indisputable fact that you are one of the multitude who makes the winning of this war worth while. You are the fellow who is keeping up the payments on an endowment policy for democracy, redeemable one generation from today. You are the man entrusted with the important task of restaffing a nation with worthy citizens.

I recall a certain poster, popular in the first World War. It showed a small child looking into his father's face, and the caption read, "What did you do, Daddy?" If you are raising a family properly today, don't be afraid of that question. You have every right to answer, "I did plenty, son, plenty." And you will still be doing it, if you

are training your boys and girls in the American way of life, which is, happily, also God's way.

There is much to be done on the good old home front. Business must go forward; the increasing costs of living must be met; and over and above that, civilian defense must be efficiently and vigorously carried on. Also there is the matter of morale, such as can be achieved only by recognition of the eternal truths.

Last night the fire engine rumbled past our quiet street. It was a practice run. Schooled as we are in the ways of the local department, it was at once apparent when the red engine rolled past that something new had been added. If she didn't have a convoy! Preceding her grand red self was another car and a trailer, outfitted with a crew of men wearing fire helmets. And beneath one of the helmets was the face of our good neighbor, Ed, who lives directly across the street. We knew at once that the convoy was made up of the local unit of auxiliary firemen, organized under the national program of civilian defense.

Ever since Dec. 7, 1941, Ed has spent about six hours a week taking classes and drilling with the volunteer fire group. Ed's a real guy, from way back. His father came over from the old country and decided that the sun-

*141 E. 65th St., New York City, November, 1942.

shine had made the Pacific coast just about the best place ever to raise a family. And what a family! Twelve boys and girls, of whom Ed is the oldest. To support that lusty crowd, Ed's father got himself a berth on the city fire department and served right through several promotions until he reached the pension age. When the war began he gave up retirement for the duration and is doing his bit at a defense plant. Ed's mother dropped by his house one afternoon last fall and helped put up 35 quarts of plums. Just a sample, so her daughter-in-law could get the hang of it. You see the sort of people Ed comes from.

Ed is a salesman and has two children. He has never in his life let anyone else fight his fights. So he rides in that fire-engine convoy. He drills, and he has learned first aid. He and his wife signed with the Red Cross blood bank and donate a pint per as often as they are allowed. Their children know their manners and their prayers, and enjoy supervised play, sleep and vitamins.

Down the street, there's Dick. On Holy Name Sunday, Dick is there with the parish men. At the 8 o'clock Mass, two of his boys usually receive Holy Communion with him. His wife is a member of the Blessed Sacrament Confraternity and in spite of the fact that her youngest, Terry, is a terror, and that she's expecting another baby soon, she is always willing to mix up a cake for the bazaar. Afternoons of a Sunday they take the interurban out to one of the grandmothers or they drop by to

see people like us, so the kids can play prisoners' base or hide-and-seek while we talk. Ordinary people. Like us. But the kind that is going to give everything it has so that this government of, for and by ordinary people "shall not perish from the earth."

Bud is another 3A. He, too, is an auxiliary fireman. His family totals five. Recently his employers sent him to Stanford University to take a ten-day course in civilian defense. He came back with the status of teacher in CD. Bud won't have any time off now until this war is won. Evenings and early mornings he appears before classes made up of department-store workers, factory hands, church societies and various clubs. That's the way Bud wants it. He's doing his share.

Then there's Tim—the father of six. He has one of those frisky tongues in his head, the kind that could have talked the snakes out of Ireland if St. Patrick hadn't gotten there first. Tim's mother hails from County Sligo; his father was born up by the shipyards of Vallejo, Calif., and in time worked in a turbulent boiler room to support a family of six.

Tim couldn't join the crew of any of those battleships his dad helped to build. He couldn't take over the controls of an airplane. But he could use that tongue of his. In one month alone he talked \$100,000 worth of war stamps and bonds out of the pockets (or was it the hearts) of the passing public. He has had his say over a national radio hookup in behalf of bonds and stamps, and he has turned out

yards of copy for publications that wanted to present brisk reasons for bond buying. Tim is a downtown air-raid warden, too, and is sometimes on defense assignments overnight. And he still pays the milk and grocery bills and all that goes with them for those six kids of his.

These fellows do not carry guns, but

all of them have valiant fighting hearts, good strong arms. And they use them at their particular posts. The home front is their front line; and they are manfully toeing it. If you are toeing it, too, here's a special salute to you—and your embattled compatriots on the seas and islands and deserts would be the first to add their acclaim.



Who Am I?

Following are eight brief biographies of famous Catholics. DIGEST readers should recognize them all. Answers are on p. 64.

1. I made the first Christmas Crib over 700 years ago. I also preached to the birds and one time tamed a savage wolf. I wrote *The Canticle of the Sun*.

2. I am the French re-discoverer of the Mississippi, which I explored as far south as the mouth of the Arkansas. Wisconsin has placed my statue in the Hall of Fame at Washington, D. C.

3. Formerly an Anglican minister, I became one of the leaders of the Oxford Movement. Among my more popular writings are *Lead, Kindly Light*, *Second Spring*, and *The Idea of a University*.

4. I wrote the first Christmas carols to be sung by groups who strolled through the village streets. When my wife was killed, I became a Franciscan lay Brother. I also wrote the *Stabat Mater*.

5. When the first World War ended

in 1918, I became the first premier of Poland. However, I am best known as a concert pianist and composer. I played often throughout the U. S., where I died in 1941.

6. I used to be an Augustinian friar, but after I saw the mangled bodies of five Franciscan martyrs I became a Franciscan myself. I was canonized only one year after my death in 1231. People invoke me mainly for the recovery of lost articles.

7. Scientists refer to me as the author of the planetary theory which holds that the sun is the center of the universe. This theory is named after me. Galileo got into trouble because he defended it unwisely.

8. I wrote the melody to *Silent Night*. I hurriedly set the words to music on Dec. 24, 1818, and the next morning the melody was played and sung for the first time.

St. Anthony Messenger. (Dec. '42).

Rumormongers

By DOW RICHARDSON

Condensed from the *Woman**

Stop me if

Do you believe the story about Mrs. Jones and the gas masks? Mrs. Jones was a young woman of German ancestry, but she was nevertheless an unquestionably loyal American. When her husband died she worked to support their four small children. At the outbreak of the war she went to work in the local defense plant, manufacturing gas masks.

One day she appeared at the factory with the forefinger of her right hand bandaged, explaining that she had cut it in the kitchen. When, however, the bandage remained on more than a week, her fellow workers began to wonder. Finally they mentioned it to the foreman. He demanded that the bandage be removed. Mrs. Jones protested but was required to comply. There, wrapped securely under the gauze was a small needle.

She broke down and confessed then that she had accepted money from an enemy source to damage the masks by punching a tiny hole in each respirator as it came down the inspection line. Officials hurriedly traced a carload of the protectors in transit and prevented delivery. The entire consignment was found to be defective, each mask containing the small telltale hole that would have spelled instant death.

This was reported in Indiana. It also is supposed to have happened in a

New England seaboard town. And in countless other parts of the country as well.

Tracing the origin of wartime tales like this is extremely difficult, for almost never does anyone actually know the person who has any first-hand knowledge of the incident. There's this story, for instance: A woman bus passenger was heard to remark, "I hope the war lasts ten years. My husband has a better job than he ever had, our two daughters are working, and we have more money than ever before in our lives."

A man got up and slapped the woman in the face. "That is for my boy who was killed at Pearl Harbor, and this"—slapping her again—"is for my boy in the Philippines." The woman who was slapped demanded to get off at the next stop to call a policeman, but when she alighted the bus driver drove contemptuously away.

This happened in Rochester, N. Y.; Wichita, Kans.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Amarillo, Texas (where the person who slapped her was another woman); Indianapolis, Ind.; and in Toronto, Canada. There is abundant evidence, furthermore, that it was duplicated in a hundred cities and towns throughout the U. S. and Canada.

The Harrisburg, Pa., *Telegraph* printed the story in its "Roundabout"

*420 Lexington Ave., New York City. December, 1942.

column and later corrected it when the society editor recalled that it was kicking around in the first World War. The *Telegraph* went even further by reporting that the story appeared in a Harrisburg paper in 1898. One man had heard it as a true incident of the Civil War.

This wave of legends is a strange but characteristic by-product of war, economic depression or other times of great stress. Acceptance of the incredible is habitual among people uneasily involved in a national crisis. Tales are passed about in whispered confidence until there is scarcely a section of the country which has not been credited with the origin of at least one.

Take, for instance, a story spread about the time of the courageous stand by the Americans and their Filipino allies on Bataan. It concerns an American soldier held captive by the Japanese. He wrote home to his parents that everything was fine, the food was good, etc., and added, "Please save the stamp on this letter for my collection." Underneath the stamp were written the words, "They have cut out my tongue."

The tale was circulated so widely in Nashville, Tenn., that the Nashville *Tennessean* went to considerable effort to trace it. The paper had its reporters run down numerous trails on the story, found them all false, and offered \$1,000 for the original letter. No one claimed the reward. Furthermore, the government advised the *Tennessean* that no mail had as yet been received from prisoners in Japanese camps. I

have heard that this same story was circulated during the first World War about an American soldier held captive by the Germans.

This is the kind of thing that many people are eager to believe; so much so, in fact, that they will turn upon the skeptic with scorn. It is a kind of nostalgia for the morbid. Howard C. Hosmer, columnist for the Rochester, N. Y., *Times-Union*, summed it up: "The trouble is, we all like a good tale too well not to believe it—especially when it suits us to believe it."

But no nation's war effort is going to be improved by this careless abetting of apprehension and doubt which the enemy is doing his level best to foster. To be on the alert against sabotage is one thing, but to live in an atmosphere of fear and alarm is another.

The yarn about the prophetic hitchhiker is one of the most notorious of the current crop of stories. My first notice of this classic was in an Associated Press report of an experience related by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nuddin, of Elwood, Ind. They were en route to Indianapolis in their car when they saw an old man walking along the highway and gave him a lift. When he got out, he said, "I have no money to pay for your kindness, but I can answer any question you may wish to ask." Nuddin asked when the war would end.

"That's easy," said the man. "It will end next month." The Nuddins laughed but the hitchhiker repeated his prediction, saying it would come true "as surely as you will have a dead man in

your car before you reach your home."

Outside Indianapolis an ambulance passed the Nuddin car, skidded and overturned in a ditch. The driver asked Nuddin to take the patient to a hospital in Indianapolis. The patient was dead when they arrived.

There are any number of different versions of this story, including the ending, "And what makes my friend so annoyed is that he forgot to ask which side would win."

One of the latest is the gossip-report that a shipment of bones to make gelatin arrived from England. In it was found a few German Iron Crosses. This utterly preposterous tale turned up in the last war, but then the Germans ground up their own dead to make fertilizer. One has only to point out that the English haven't yet cap-

tured enough Germans to make bone-grinding commercially feasible.

Anyhow, gelatin is made mainly from the tendons, cartilages, skin and white connective tissues of animal. Bones are but a minor item.

Be your own censor before you repeat as truth any of these tales that are being so widely circulated. You can damage your own morale as well as everyone else's by accepting these war-time rumors and sensational stories as fact, and repeating them as such. The myth is first cousin to the deliberately started rumor. Unless you thoughtfully analyze these stories you are bound to hear, they will be just as destructive to morale and the war effort as if Hitler, himself, had put one over on us. As a matter of fact, each time stories like these are repeated, he does.



Radio and Nerves

Dr. Walter Alvarez, of the Mayo Clinic, declares that radio is not doing the nerves of the American people any good; on the contrary, he says, radio is an enemy of our nervous system. He says that many homes keep the radio going during practically all the waking hours with all its cacophony of swing music, "soap operas," murder mysteries, and such like. As a consequence, relaxation is becoming scarcer and scarcer among radio devotees, and this takes its heavy toll of our nerves.

The "soap operas," which so many millions of housewives and mothers listen to all day long, abound in illicit love, jangling, discordant matrimonial triangles, jealousies, hatreds, and murders aplenty. No one can listen to these 15-minute high-tension episodes week in and week out without definite impairment of his emotional balance. They are merely the old yellow-back novels and 10c thrillers etherized.

The Catholic Mirror (Nov. '42).

St. Rita Without Shoes

By JOSEPH A. BREIG

Affair of love

Condensed from *Extension**

In a certain industrial city, down toward the steel mill, stand rows of sooty buildings. In one of these dingy places is a sign reading: St. Francis House of Hospitality.

Inside, if you are not too fastidious to enter, you will find three connecting rooms which at some time were somebody's parlor, dining room and kitchen. The kitchen is still a kitchen; and on the stove, no matter what the hour, a great stew simmers, and coffee steams in an enormous pot.

But the dining room is now a mere passageway between battered couches on one hand and rude bookshelves on the other. What was once the parlor is now a bare, rugless room where desperately poor men sit on benches, patiently waiting to take their turns at a wooden table where they are served the best that their hosts have been able to beg for them.

This is one of those Houses of Hospitality which have been opened in 30-odd cities as a result of the ideas of a former French peasant, Peter Maurin, and an ex-Marxist, Dorothy Day, who together founded the Catholic Worker movement on the philosophy that a bum is not a bum but an ambassador of God, sent to give other people a chance to do good.

If your visit is at night, you will probably see somewhere in the place a

baldish and battered but boyish middle-aged man with a weather-cured face and humorous eyes behind thick-lensed glasses. He will either be telling a story or trimming the wick of one of the vigil lights which flicker here and there in the house. When he thinks no one is watching, he casts wistful glances in the direction of a broken and battered bust which leans somewhat crookedly in a fruit box on a shelf. This would be Barry Drover.

Nobody pretends to understand the love affair between these two. The simplest romance is perplexing enough, but when one involves a saint and a sinner, the complications are downright dizzying. If you discuss the problem with Mike Regan (who indignantly spurns the suggestion that he is "head" of the house), he will probably just put you off.

Anyhow, you will stay long enough to reach some kind of conclusion for yourself, because inevitably you will be fascinated by the merriment in a place where you had expected to find pervading gloom, rising at best into resignation, and sinking at worst into despair. You will see delighted smiles cracking the leathery cheeks of men who have been all but crushed by their own weaknesses, misfortune, and the world's indifference. You will see their faces transfigured when, an hour or

*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. December, 1942.

two before midnight, they clasp gnarled hands and recite in a rumbling chorus the prayer of St. Francis of Assisi: "O Lord, make me an instrument of Your peace; where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy."

Either before or after this prayer, Barry Drover, with a great pretense of offhandedness, will approach the rude shrine of St. Rita and fuss with a huge vigil light. You may even see him surreptitiously pat the broken statue with awkward tenderness while pretending to examine its ragged edges. If you are more than normally observant, you will notice that he limps ever so slightly as he moves around. If you stay long enough and ask questions with great discretion, you will learn that the long bone in Barry's left leg, from the knee almost to the ankle, is a rod of silver alloy, held in place by rivets, and put there, in a manner of speaking, by the saint for whose honor he is now so solicitous.

Barry was not always an ambassador of God. He came of a well-to-do family. In boyhood, when he was afflicted with an incurable bone disease, and apparently doomed to be crippled for life, his parents appealed to St. Rita. After completing a novena, they heard of a surgeon who was reputed to be accomplishing wonders with a new operating technique. It was he who acted as proxy for St. Rita in removing the useless bone and substituting the silver rod.

Naturally, the rod did not grow, while the good leg did, and by the time he reached manhood, Barry was limping badly. One day he was struck by an automobile, and his good leg was broken in five places. When he came out of the hospital, the leg and the rod were of equal length, and his limp was hardly noticeable.

Meanwhile, he had been educated as few men are privileged to be, and by the time he met his future wife, he was a holder of degrees and fellowships, and was beginning a brilliant career as a research scientist. Of this period of his life, Barry speaks little. It is sufficient to know that he was called home one day to find his wife and child dead, killed by an intoxicated motorist.

Of course he should have stayed and faced his sorrow. But he did not know then what he knows now. He ran away.

Time and again Barry tried to settle down, but something always drove him on. Sometimes it was a chance remark of a chance acquaintance; sometimes a scrap of melody reopened the old wounds. He went on and on until he was a bum, an ambassador of God. He did not stop until he chanced into the House of Hospitality, where the only question asked was, "Are you hungry?"

For a while Barry seemed content. He took long walks in the steel-and-stone wilderness of the city, made the rounds of stores with the begging automobile, and wrote ingenious letters to men of substance, coaxing donations

from them. Between times, his soft voice carried on an endless monologue about his years on the road. He had worked at almost everything: he had been physicist, fortuneteller, coal heaver, cook, engineer, farmer, biophysicist, plant pathologist, bookkeeper, placer miner, prospector, timekeeper, apiarist, and author of a book on thermodynamics; his travels had taken him through all of North and South America.

Within a fortnight of his arrival Barry was popularly pronounced as mad as a hatter, and so became one of the elite in a place where everyone boasts of a touch of lunacy.

In this atmosphere, Barry was right at home. His exploits made him a character. But no one dreamed then that he was destined for one extravagant gesture that would seem a bit too mad even for St. Francis House, although they might have foreseen that something extraordinary was bound to result from his attentions to St. Rita.

This strange love affair began when the Sisters in a near-by convent gave the house a statue of the holy woman, who has been known for nearly 500 years as one of God's wonder-workers. When the statue was carried in, Barry's flow of stories was suddenly silenced. For the first time in years, he became so absorbed in something that he forgot to talk about himself.

He examined the new arrival with the wistful eyes of one vaguely remembering an old romance. The end of her nose was chipped; and when he spoke of it, he did so in the roughly affec-

tionate voice with which a man twits his beloved about her new hat. The pedestal was broken, and perhaps it was when he hammered off the broken base to make her stand straight that he looked into her eyes and lost his heart and his head. He enthroned her on a shelf in the kitchen, placed her in charge of the larder, and—since her feet had been part of the pedestal—christened her affectionately St. Rita Without Shoes. Then he went all out for vigil lights.

At first, he was relatively reasonable, satisfied with a small candle in a cup. It wasn't long before he decided that something better was needed. He began by filling the sugar bowl with melted wax. This was a wonderful lamp, but it wouldn't burn without a wick. Nor would slivers of wood do the trick.

But love such as his knows no discouragements, and Barry went on patiently experimenting with wicks. He tried twisted strings for wicks. He experimented with floating wicks. He went into stores and asked questions. At last he learned the trick; and soon his saint was honored with an enormous vigil light. It was at this point that Barry felt, for the first time, the inflexible will that had made his lady a woman of heroic sanctity. All had been moonlight and roses, but now came their first quarrel. Satisfied with his vigil light, Barry began to build an elaborate shrine for his beloved, but St. Rita Without Shoes put her "foot" down. Two or three times, when the shrine was nearly complete, it was ac-

cidentally broken. Barry at last announced that St. Rita wanted nothing better than her simple shelf in the kitchen.

For awhile, he resumed his talking. The human race, Barry explained, is composed of overgrown children, and can best be approached along the avenues of audacity and humor. People would do anything for you if only you could introduce yourself as you would to a baby, by chucking it under the chin and cooing at it. Since this is somewhat impracticable, Barry had developed another method. He stopped people in the streets and announced that he was collecting for his favorite charity: buying crutches for centipedes. The half-mad naivete of the thing caused most of his "clients" to laugh and give him money.

All this time Mike Regan had been going about with a look on his face that grew progressively more pained. His is a virile Christianity, resting on the rock of dogma. He has frequently expressed his opinion of the kind of piety that lights candles during Mass. At last he exploded. With tart humor, he remarked that the house was beginning to look like Coney Island.

Barry was wounded to the quick. He wrote St. Rita a note and placed it under her statue. He went around trimming all the wicks to make them burn more brightly and defiantly.

Call it coincidence if you please, but things began to happen. The very next day, a youngster from the house stopped in a near-by church to say a prayer, and came back with 40 pounds of can-

dle ends, the gift of a solicitous sacristan. A week later, a Catholic bookstore donated 200 vigil lights. And Mike Regan's confusion was twice confounded one day when he dropped into a neighborhood chapel and was beckoned into the sacristy where he was handed a box containing 25 pounds of wax. Be it said to his everlasting honor that he lugged it back without a murmur, and handed it over to Barry with a brave smile.

By this time, Barry was almost insufferable. He didn't say much, but he walked around the place like an animated "I-told-you-so." St. Rita had not finished. Barry had explained that she was in charge of the kitchen because she had been a wife and mother with children to feed before becoming a widow and being miraculously transported to a convent. It made him furious to hear others saying loftily that St. Francis had fed them well enough before St. Rita arrived.

One day Barry sent his saint away for repainting, and the cupboard became alarmingly bare. He brought her back on a Thursday. Hardly was her lamp relighted when a visiting priest slipped \$10 into Mike Regan's hand. The next day, another visitor made it \$20.

The thing that clinched Barry's argument was the cocoa. When one of the ambassadors asked for some, everyone looked at him strangely. It was a frantic desire in a place where the liturgical beverage is coffee. Barry was undismayed. He wrote a note to St. Rita; and later that day, a grocer in the

neighborhood, seeing someone from the house in his store, handed him a pound of cocoa without a word. Don't ask me for what the explanation is.

To understand why Barry left, you must keep in mind his understandable abhorrence of alcohol and the fact that it is not shared by all the homeless men who wander into St. Francis House. To Mike Regan the drunks are a symbol—the acid test of the golden charity of the Catholic Worker movement. For awhile the acid became almost unbearably corrosive: there were nights when nobody got more than a wink of sleep.

Barry Drover protested, not so much against the loss of sleep as against what he thought was a failure to discourage drinking. Reasonably enough, he inquired whether charity was not due also to those who were sober and wanted a night's rest. His logic was persuasive, but it availed nothing.

So Barry at last departed. He did it unobtrusively and courteously. There were no hard feelings on either side. Before he left, Barry took down the statue of St. Rita, and calmly smashed it. Then he blew out her vigil light.

When he had finished, he explained that St. Rita was a lady, and he would not have her associating with men who would not behave like gentlemen. He did not say it angrily; he said it sadly. Whether his attitude was noble or mean is not for me to say. I am merely relating the facts.

After he left, he walked the streets for a long time, so troubled that he completely forgot to collect for his

"centipedes." At last he sat down on the steps of a public library. He was ravenously hungry, and he realized that unless he crushed the last vestiges of pride and returned to St. Francis House, he faced a foodless and sleepless night.

Much later, he told what happened. When he got so hungry that he thought he'd yell, he said very quietly but very desperately, "St. Rita, no matter what I did, you've got to do something." A few minutes later, somebody stopped in front of him and said, "Hello." He looked up to see a man who had stayed at the house for awhile, found a job and left. Now he said to Barry, "What would you say if I handed you a five-spot?"

Barry grinned his toothy smile and replied, "I'd begin to believe in fairies again." (He knew very well whom he meant; and it wasn't fairies.) When the man handed him a \$5 bill and walked away, he felt a tide of blushes rising into his face, and thought that this was the first time in his life that anybody had really heaped coals of fire on his head.

Meanwhile, at the house, somebody picked up the pieces of St. Rita, put them in a box and tossed the box on the scrap heap. Mike Regan retrieved it, when he saw that the bust and the face were intact. He placed it in a box, stuffed paper around it to hold it upright, and set it on a shelf in the front room. Doubtless he seized the opportunity to speak to Rita of Cascia about Barry, for one night weeks later the prodigal opened the kitchen door, put

his head in, and asked with carefully rehearsed casualness whether there was any mail for him.

A night or two later, he ventured into the kitchen. Gradually his visits lengthened. In due time, he accepted a cup of coffee. Finally, he took off his hat, sauntered into the front room with a great show of aimlessness, and nodded nonchalantly to the other ambassadors.

It was worth the price of admission to see the elaborate indifference with which he looked around until he spied

St. Rita. He kept edging toward her, watching out of the corners of his eyes, until he was close enough to reach up absently and straighten the broken bust in its box. For a long moment he stood there irresolute, his brown hands on the black-habited shoulders.

Then he squared his own thin shoulders, marched into the kitchen, came back with his wax-filled sugar bowl, trimmed the wick with an expert thumb and forefinger, placed it in front of St. Rita, and called over his shoulder, "Hey, Mike! Got a match?"



Flights of Fancy

She's as unshakable as flypaper on a cat's paw.—*Jimmy Fidler.*

Love begins like a triolet and ends like a college yell.—*H. L. Mencken.*

The whole room seemed to lean toward the corner table.—*Libbie Block.*

His handwriting makes it practically a military secret.—*Charles Keenan, S.J.*

The morning grass greeted the rising sun with tears of joy.—*Ludger Beaudet, O. F. M.*

The only creature that can croak and climb at the same time is a toad.—*Eleanor LeMasters.*

The slow dawn of a winter morning fingering its way through the clouds.—*The Field Afar.*

We are always trying to cure somebody of our faults.—*A. J. Rodgers.*

She seemed a saint astray from her pedestal.—*Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J.*

A row of dingy, tired old buildings with closed eyes.—*Elizabeth Alexander.*

He tripped over her smile and stumbled into her heart.—*Frances Joanna Guli.*

Election: important people become unimportant the day unimportant people become important.—*Eleanor LeMasters.*

Lightning ripped the gray fabric of the sky but the slanting needles of rain mended it again and again.—*Richard Howells Watkins.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

How Uncle Sam Saves Suckers

Condensed from the *American Weekly**

A young man who stood on a corner of a busy city street eagerly reading a letter attracted the amused attention of people passing by. He was tall and straight and might have been called handsome if his nose hadn't been large and crooked. All it needed was remodeling and the letter he was reading told him how to do the job himself.

The writer explained that, in answer to the young man's inquiry, the simple contraption he recommended would, in 30 days, straighten the most irregular proboscis into a thing of beauty. It looked so easy that John Doe couldn't order one fast enough, cash on delivery.

But, after 30 days of diligent application his nose remained the same old crooked protuberance. It had turned neither to the right nor left. Shamefacedly he hurled the ugly, unmagical straightener into the garbage can. He was now a full-fledged member of the self-elected society of suckers. His money was gone, but disgust at his gullibility made him keep his membership a secret.

How many other John Does have been similarly victimized is anybody's guess. Fortunately, Uncle Sam's Post Office inspectors had an eye on the nose-remodeling promoters and jailed them for using the mails to defraud.

But this is only one small instance of the racketeering activities of those

ingenious, get-rich-quick gentry who are always alert to separate easy marks from folding money. The plausible schemes of these "con" artists keep the inspectors busy day and night. The alert authorities have nabbed hundreds, but other hundreds keep springing up trying to cash in on human vanity, greed or frailty.

In the Post Office Museum in Washington are exhibits of "sucker" contraptions, for the benefit of the young inspectors in training. For instance, there's the cap that is guaranteed to grow hair while you wait. The postal inspectors sent samples of dog hair, horse hair and even strands of rope to the "institute" peddling this "30-day" hair restorer, requesting a diagnosis of hair roots and scalp conditions. Of course, the reply was favorable. All the hair roots, including the rope strands, could be rejuvenated by use of the magic cap.

Then there's a device to delight the souls of men and women who are gloomy because they are too short. Its promoters claimed that their machine would increase height as much as five inches. The originators of this fraud may have gotten an idea from the legendary Greek robber, Procrustes, who laid his short guests on a bed and pulled their legs until they fitted. His victims died, but the modern device was painless and sold for \$8.75. It cost only 50c to manufacture and was quite

*235 E. 45th St., New York City. Nov. 15, 1942.

useless. And the inspectors add a sardonic note by pointing out that one of the promoters was a shorty himself.

One of the most lucrative rackets was the eyeglass racket. That took about \$11 million from Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public before the Post Office inspectors stepped in. The literature of these get-rich-quick artists warned the credulous not to be "saps" and pay large sums for glasses when for a mere \$7.50 they could secure glasses just as good. The sucker was advised to make his own eye test at home and save \$10.

The Bureau of Standards, checking on glasses secured by the Post Office inspectors from these racketeering concerns, not only found the optical centers out of place, but discovered that the promoters sent out different types of lenses under the same specifications. The figures show that about 1½ million suckers fell for this fraud. Most of the glasses they received were worth a dime and no one can say how much harm was done to their eyes by them.

When it's a question of finding hidden treasure the "come-on" boys can tell you just where to locate it. All you have to do is send \$38.50 plus postage for a complete outfit including a compass and a book telling where and how to look. Apparently the suckers didn't stop to ask why the promoters themselves didn't go out and dig. Greed got the better of them and they forked over the cash for a phony compass and a phonier book.

But no matter how many fraudulent schemes the alert Post Office inspectors unearth, nor how many gypers they send to jail, the crop never stops growing. That king of showmen, P. T. Barnum, said a sucker was born every minute. It is this army of suckers that the Post Office inspectors are doing their best to save from themselves. At that, they rarely get any help because the victims who readily open their hearts and their pocketbooks to the crooks close their lips tight to the investigators.



George M. Cohan, Irish Broadway producer, wired for room reservations at a certain hotel in Miami Beach. The hotel mistook Cohan for a Jewish name and politely informed him that they accepted reservations for "an exclusive restricted clientele only." Whereupon Cohan wired back to the hotel management: "Both of us have been mistaken. You thought I was Jewish and I thought you were gentlemen."

The Advocate quoted in the *Irish Digest* (Aug. '42).

Prayer and Politics

By GERALD VANN, O.P.

Comfort makes cowards of us all

Condensed from a radio broadcast*

No one wishes to live in a world that is blind and insane; and if that is what we are heading for, then we had better try to do something about it. Aldous Huxley makes this very plain in his latest book, *Grey Eminence*. One of the main points he makes there is this: that a world totally without prayer would be a world "totally blind and insane." His actual phrase is a "totally unmystical world"; but I am going to keep to the simpler and less misunderstood word "prayer," because people sometimes think that mysticism means either a tendency to swoon away at odd moments, or else a sort of permanent woolly-headedness. I am going to use the word prayer, but I don't mean just "asking for things," and, as I am going to define it, it will agree with what Huxley has in mind. A world totally without prayer would be a world totally blind and insane. "Where there is no vision the people perish"; and Huxley's judgment of our own world is that we are dangerously far advanced into the darkness.

Now, the first thing to notice about this is that it is not an uncommon view. It is not only Huxley's view; it is the Christian view. It is also the view of all the great religious teachers of the world; and more than that, learned men of all kinds are telling us that this society of ours, the modern West-

ern world, is the only civilization in the whole of the world's history which has *not* held that view and based its life upon it. If we imagine ourselves as having to give an account of our society to the rest of humanity, we might imagine our judges saying to us, "Yes, you've done mighty things and good things; but you've forgotten the 'one thing necessary'; you've forgotten that being is more important than doing. What's the use of being able to travel at breathless speed if you don't know where you want to go to, or why? What's the good of conquering the air if you can't organize your conquest for the good of humanity rather than its harm? Science can only tell you *how* to do things; it can't tell you what you ought to do, still less what you ought to be. You've gained enormously in knowledge, and therefore in power; but you've lost your vision; and 'where there is no vision the people perish.'"

Now, what *is* this vision? And what, in any case, has it got to do with prayer? We all know the difference between knowing things and only knowing about them. We may learn a lot about some very lovely and lovable person; but that does not enable us to say we know him; on the contrary, we say we want to know him. And if we do get to know him intimately, and love

*Over the British Broadcasting Corporation network, as reprinted in Blackfriars, Oxford, England, November, 1942.

him, then we acquire a new kind of knowledge, the knowledge that begets love and is in turn begotten by love. This is the deepest and most exciting kind of knowledge, because it enlarges not our minds only, but our whole personality. And what is true of persons is true also of things—nature, animals, flowers, trees. This direct loving knowledge is an example of what we mean, in general, by vision.

As we grow up, most of us lose this power of seeing things. At school our minds are cluttered up with a lot of facts about things; and then we have to struggle for a living, using things, and even persons, simply as means for the doing of our job. And if we get into the way of using things simply as means, we never stop to look at them, and so we never really see them. But poets, artists, saints, all in different ways do keep their power of seeing things as they really are; and so they are always falling in love with things, and life for them is a constant delight. Children have it too, and we have to learn from them: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Few of us ever manage to be childlike; we only succeed in being childish.

Now, there is one thing you can notice especially about little children, as about saints: all the things that come their way they treat as equally real, equally part of the great family of creation. You find them having long talks with puppies, flowers, dolls, human beings, all with the same gravity. They are much wiser than we. Even

though we look long and lovingly at things, we shall lose our power of vision and perish unless we see them all, together, as a family in God and God in them. Only when we have found God, say the men of prayer, will our humanity be fulfilled; and only then will our eyes be fully opened to the things of this world; only then shall we love them fully, and without fear of turning their gold into the dross of self-love and self-glory; only then, loving humanity truly, shall we be able to attempt the building of a world fit for humanity. I am not saying, of course—and I would stress this very strongly, in case everything I am saying should be misunderstood—that we seek God *in order* to build a good and happy world; that would be the exact opposite of what we are here for. I am only saying that we cannot as a matter of fact expect to build a good world unless we do in the first place seek God. Political changes cannot help us, Huxley insists, unless many people set out to change *themselves* by the "only known method which really works," the method of the men of prayer. As long as there is no vision, the people perish. The longer we remain content with our loss of vision and do nothing about it, the further we advance into the darkness, the further we advance towards total blindness and insanity.

We sometimes think of prayer as a way of guarding against the possible anger of God, a sort of religious fire insurance. If that is our whole idea of prayer, it is a crude one. Or we think of prayer simply as a way of getting

things we want, and that is not very noble either; it is like trying to marry God for His money. We must indeed stand in awe of God, and in fear of sin; we should be very silly if we did not. The frightening vastness of the universe is His footstool, and His love is a burning fire. We have to ask for what we need, for we deny our nature if we refuse to admit that we are His creatures, dependent on Him as children are dependent on their parents. But prayer is, above all, not so much an action as a state of being: from our point of view we should ask first, not what it does *for* us, but what it does *to* us. The wise men of the world tell us not so much that without prayer we shall fail to get what we want, or get what we don't want, but that without prayer we shall fail to be what we want to be: real men. We shall be blind and insane. We shall be only half, or less than half, alive.

"I am come," said our Lord, "that they may have life." Again and again in the Gospels we find this same offering of life. The world had lost its power of vision and was perishing; but in Him was life, and the life was the light of men. The darkness, that darkness into which we are so far advanced, did not comprehend it, and still does not comprehend it; and still the light is there, shining, if we have eyes to see. But God cannot coerce His free creatures: He calls to them. He does not destroy the nature of His handiwork; it is left to us to do that. If we want to see, we must make the journey. It is a frightening thing, this pilgrim's

progress, even though the end is home; it means leaving the props and cushions that make life easy; and comfort makes cowards of us all. Yet heroic ventures, too, have their power over us; and it is a heroic thing to launch out into the infinite deep. Well, then, if we would help to heal and save our world, this is the burden of what we have been saying so far: we must seek health and salvation for ourselves; and if we seek those, we must set out upon this journey. It should hearten us to reflect on the witness of those who have set out before us and reached the goal; that at the end there are a peace and a joy that surpass understanding as they defy expression.

Some people think that if they can swoon with delight at the sight of a buttercup they are somehow in tune with the Infinite; they may be, but they are not thereby men of prayer. Some people think that if the singing of a hymn or the recital of a prayer fills them with a warm cozy feeling, they are men of prayer; they are mistaken. Some people think that prayer, at least as we find it in the saints, is something spooky, a question of odd and morbid experiences; but it isn't. Some people think that being a man of prayer means being a dreamer—the sort of man who always leaves his umbrella in the train, or forgets to take off his boots when he goes to bed; they, too, are mistaken. Men of prayer are hard-bitten realists. They say, in effect, this: God is what is most real and true and good and lovely; so much so that everything else if viewed apart from

Him seems unimportant and shallow. We know what we have to do that He may show Himself to us; and we are going to do it; and nothing under the sun is going to stop us.

The artist and the lover (and most of us are one or the other, if not both) see beauty, and love it and feel compelled to serve it. The man of prayer sees perfection, if only as in a glass darkly; and nothing will prevent him from serving that, to the end of his days and the last drop of his blood.

To fit ourselves for any strenuous way of life, there are two things we have to do. We must concentrate upon it, schooling ourselves to sacrifice interests which would clash with it, and forming our characters so as to be able to meet the demands it will put upon us. Secondly, we must train our minds, so as to be masters of the art we want to practice. We shall need to be humble enough to learn, concentrated enough to be able to study, single-minded enough not to be always distracted. The more strenuous or heroic the life, the more intensive our training in these two ways will have to be. The life of prayer is the most strenuous of all; and the training for it the most intensive. It is not a pleasant hobby nor a childish pastime. All the masters assure us of that. It is something we all ought to do, all can do, all must do if we want to be really alive; but while all are called, few are chosen; and few are chosen because few of us want to be chosen. Comfort makes cowards of us all.

The voyage undertaken by the men

of prayer is arduous and exacting; but the Christian feels strong, not in his own power and resources, but in the strength of Christ. That is the meaning of Christian life. The aim of the Christian men of prayer is not, and never has been, to substitute the humanity of Christ for the Godhead as the object of worship. Christ said of Himself, "I am the Way"; the Church in its liturgy prays through Christ to God; the Christian journey is summed up in the old phrase, "through the humanity to the divinity." We are told first to put on Christ; and then, living in Him and in His power, we shall find the fulfillment of our lives in achieving union with the Godhead, living *with Christ in God*. That is the path which all the Christian saints have followed, and it is that which has given them their simple humility in spite of their glory; given them their homeliness, their love and care for the small things of the world, their practical good sense, their immense energy in serving humanity. It is that, too, that gives them their courage. For they say, as St. Paul said, "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me."

Let us look at the first of the two things we have to do: the forming of our characters. A man who devotes his whole life to curing disease cannot also devote his whole life to music. There is no reason why he should not love music; there is every reason why he should; but he must be prepared to give up a great deal of enjoyment for the sake of his calling. He must be prepared often to miss some concert

he was longing to hear because his services are needed. Where the man of prayer is concerned, all the good things of life are like music to the doctor: he must be prepared to give up his enjoyment of them, if need be, for the better service of God. Some men of prayer have indeed rejected the world altogether as evil; but that is not the way of those who follow Christ. On the contrary, the more they love God, the more they love the world He made and redeemed. But their love is not the selfish grasping thing it is for so many of us; it is not possessive. Living as they do, as though in eternity to which all things are equally present, they are not dismayed by the passing of earthly things, the restless waves of time. Living as they do in God, in whom are all things, they are not dismayed by temporal loss or separation. Sorrow, yes, in full measure, but not despair. Love overflowing, but not greed. We, whose motive is so often selfishness, tire ourselves out with agitation and anxiety. Just as we can be roused to a ridiculous fury if the breakfast coffee is cold, so we find ourselves in a fever of fear lest what we want should be denied us or taken from us; and our wants increase with the years and hang about our necks, and make life ever less of a delight and more of a burden. Learning to sit still, to care and not to care, the exact opposite of what the world teaches us, is the first of the things we have to do.

Then there is the adventure of the

mind itself. Here, too, we have to learn the very opposite of what the world teaches. The world thinks of truth as something to be grasped and possessed, and wrenched to our uses, but the wise tell us it is something to be wooed in silence, something to be possessed by us, if we are worthy, and something which, if we are worthy, may make use of us. The depths of reality and truth are revealed to us, the abyss of the human heart is filled, only by waiting in stillness on the voice and presence of God; learning indeed to see Him and reverence Him in all things, but also by withdrawing ourselves at times from every thought and activity, and laying bare our minds and hearts to His touch. That is an absolute necessity; that every single day we should devote some time, if only ten minutes, to this quiet seeking for the Infinite, putting other cares and interests aside, and pondering over Him as He has revealed Himself to us, and raising our hearts to Him. Prayer is asking, yes; it is living our cares and loves in God's sight and offering them to Him, yes; but it is more than that. It is the relentless effort, in spite of difficulty and failure and fatigue, to come closer to God, to fill ourselves with His presence, and so gradually to come to know Him and be with Him in a silence like the silent communion of lovers. Then He in His turn can speak and enlighten our darkness; can come, and tarry with us, until at the end we are one with Him.



Horror in Hong Kong

By LAURENCE DE CAMP

Condensed from *America**

It would be the same in New York

To anyone who had known Hong Kong in its palmy days, the sight of its streets during January to June of 1942 would have been a shock, to put it mildly. Immediately after the occupation by the Japanese forces (this took place two days after the capitulation on Christmas day of 1941), the streets became filled with people selling things. After all, the needs of the human body wait for no man, and people had to eat and did their best to get food. Some did not eat, as they had no money, and they died, of slow starvation, and their bodies were removed from the streets at the rate of about 165 a day, for months. Sometimes their bodies lay on the streets for a long time.

On the roads leading in from the villages, the country people were making their way into town, hundreds and hundreds of them, old and young, men, women and children, each carrying a load of some sort. Sometimes it was just a few handfuls of vegetables, often a great basket, piled high, between two men, sometimes a coolie woman with her child on her back and two baskets swung on a pole.

They came in endless procession and took up their places along the gutters, squatting on their heels, with their wares spread out before them. Prices were fantastic: a bunch of spinach, worth a few coppers in normal times,

was held at ten times its normal value. The vendors shouted in angry voices if there was any haggling over prices. You could take what they had or leave it; there wasn't enough food to go around anyway, and there would be someone else to pay the price if you didn't.

There seemed to be thousands of these people with vegetables. But if you wanted meat you had to look long and far. There would be perhaps one man along all those streets, with his little table surrounded by people four deep, willing to pay \$4.80 a pound for meat which in normal times would have cost 30c.

For awhile, there was a little pork, not much, but when you discovered a dog's head carefully prepared as a pig's head, you put off this delicacy. You never knew what you were getting, in many cases, although the tell-tale dark color of water-buffalo meat was a giveaway. It was better, on the whole, to stick to fish; at least you knew what you were getting, although it, also, was terribly expensive and, after awhile, not very satisfying.

As you went further into town, along Peddar St., and up Wyndham St., you found precious things like jam and sugar and coffee and bread. Storekeepers dared not open their shops, those of them that had not been looted,

*329 108th St., New York City. Nov. 21, 1942.

but they brought out their goods, little by little, and sold them, at a price, out on the streets. Their shops remained closed for weeks, until the new Japanese governor arrived, with his coarse lips and heavy-lidded, contemptuous eyes, and ordered every shop to open immediately under penalty of confiscation.

The food shops and cheap restaurants did a roaring trade. The higher priced ones were patronized by the Japanese, army officers with occasional friends and a very few civilian Japanese who were in town with their wives. In one of the few dress shops that had reopened, it was said that the wife and daughter of the new Japanese manager of the leading hotel in town (formerly Hong Kong's pride and Saturday-night rendezvous) had come in for clothes, foreign clothes; prices didn't matter; they wanted to look "right" according to European standards. They put themselves unreservedly in the hands of the lady manager, and she made them look "right," as right as they could with their stocky figures, in dresses that had been made for slim elegance.

Very few women had been allowed to come from Japan; there was still fighting within ten miles of the border in the new territory. A senior Japanese official once confided to a European colleague in Tsingtao what a pity it was, "Ten thousand troops and only 400 geisha! Not enough, too bad." After all, they must have their moments of relaxation, and they usually make provision for this. One wonders

if it is handled by their commissary department.

Hong Kong's governor, General Isogai, was well looked after, according to all reports. Quite a sensation was caused when a very stunning young Japanese-French Eurasian, "covered with diamonds, lovely clothes, so chic, really beautiful," appeared in the shop of the leading French dressmaker and ordered \$1,000 worth of dresses. "So easy, just like that."

That is one side of the picture. But there was another, and a grim one. In January, and during all the following months, the dead and the dying were put out on the streets, despite Japanese orders. The few remnants of the sanitary department struggled ineffectually, under the supervision of the former district medical officer. He was a hard-working, conscientious man, who had managed to persuade the authorities to allow him to remain out of Stanley (the concentration camp for Europeans) in the face of the threat of epidemics in the city.

The one threat that will really get action out of the Japanese is cholera, which is prevalent in the hot weather. But the warning worked, even in wintertime, and the sanitary squad worked on and on, a teaspoon dipping up the sea.

Work for casual laborers became nonexistent. There must have been thousands of them in Hong Kong, youths and men. They roamed the streets, begged, stole. Their haggard, greenish faces betrayed them at once, as well as their hungry eyes, seeking

something to steal. It became unsafe to carry a parcel on the streets.

The Japanese are strange people, a curious intermixture of kindness, sentimentality, and the most callous cruelty.

The begging and stealing became such a nuisance that the Japanese authorities acted suddenly, with their usual brutal efficiency, although, curiously enough, they showed extraordinary generosity, too. The beggars and vagrants suddenly disappeared and also a few people of the better class, rounded up, perhaps, through error. About 8,000 of them were taken over to the mainland, given \$10 each and three pounds of rice, and told not to come back. The stronger beggars fell upon the weaker ones, robbed them of their \$10 and rice, and even rags of clothes, and disappeared up country. Nobody came back.

It was also reported that since the leper home at Powkfulham was considered a menace to the health of the people, the inmates were put on three junks, taken out to sea and sunk. One must admit that no humanitarian motives deter the Japanese from doing what they consider is to their best interests.

Sentries were posted at important points on all main roads, and the public, passing in an endless stream, bowed as they passed. If they did not, they were slapped, if the sentry was good-tempered, or beaten, if he was not. Europeans usually went without hats and sometimes bowed and sometimes did not.

When notables of any sort were passing through the streets, martial law was enforced, and at such times everybody was ordered to squat on his heels, with hands on knees, to prevent his suddenly drawing a gun or throwing a bomb. The indignity of the position seemed to cause intense resentment among the Chinese.

The shortage of food in Hong Kong, and the fantastic prices demanded for it, caused the greatest suffering among the poor. There was no work for them and they died in great numbers. Seeking work, they started off in small groups, or sometimes individually, leaving without formality. How many got through no one knows. A few forlorn ones managed to return, having been set upon and robbed by their own countrymen the moment they crossed the border. Later they organized large parties, often 400 or more, and went with protection arranged by their guilds. But by this time the Japanese had decreed numerous regulations. All leaving Hong Kong were obliged to undergo vaccination and tests of various sorts to prevent their taking diseases out with them.

Thousands stood in lines every day for hours, waiting for the medical people to do their worst. They were very patient, standing in the chilly wind (it gets pretty raw in Hong Kong's streets in February). But eventually they got through, and again stood by the thousands, with their bundles, waiting at the ferries. If hate could kill, no Japanese would have lived.

The sentries at the ferries kept them

lined up by beating them with bamboo poles. It was said in June that about 600,000 Chinese had left Hong Kong, and to look at its wide, empty streets, particularly in the Wanchai district, this could well be believed. There was no work on the docks, or in the factories, so they had to get out or starve. The Japanese authorities are said to have stated that a population of about 50,000 Chinese, and no Europeans at all, would be just about right for Hong Kong.

Things did not improve, as time went on. As warm weather set in, starvation increased. It gives one a nasty shock to see an apparently dead body—that's bad enough; but then to see it move a bit and know that it is not quite dead yet, that was worse.

The Japanese must have had great times among themselves. An intense rivalry prevails between the army and navy. The navy was in the stronger position, and had, among other things, seized a huge store of rice for its own use. This was reported to have caused great indignation in the army.

The European managers and executives of the various Hong Kong banks were needed by the Japanese to wind up the affairs of their institutions. They were kept at the Sun Hua hotel, a Chinese hotel on the waterfront, together with their wives and families, and marched every day to their respective banks.

Passing through the streets one saw things sometimes amusing, sometimes horrible. A group of Japanese soldiers stood on the seawall one day at Cause-

way Bay. As the street passed close by where they were, it was not possible to avoid seeing what they were doing. They were drowning a young Chinese coolie. They had thrown him into the sea, with his hands tied behind his back, and were pushing him down with poles. He kicked his legs feebly, so he must have been in for some time. Bubbles came up through the water when they pushed him down. He was hard to kill, as they were still at it 20 minutes later.

On the playing fields further inland, they carried out their executions—slowly, one would judge, by the sounds. One of the Europeans sent there on an errand was instructed to speak to a certain officer "who would come in a moment, he was busy." When the officer arrived, he was wiping his blood-stained sword with a rag, went over to a basin of water and washed the blood from his hands, and then in the most genial manner imaginable, shook hands, and had a most friendly chat with the European. He seemed a most amiable person, but the European came away feeling definitely sick.

On the other hand, there are brighter moments. A delightful old nun, a Sister Boniface, does the marketing and shopping for the Sisters of her community and is as kindly a person as one would find anywhere. Her brown eyes have a laugh in them and so has her cheery voice. She is short, broad, and old, and very experienced in the ways of this world, and can see the fun in anything, even in these days

in Hong Kong when one has to look pretty hard to find fun in anything. The Japanese post sentries on roads leading into Hong Kong, to examine and search all.

On this particular occasion, however, Sister Boniface had had a very good day's shopping. She had established herself up on the less crowded upper section of the tram and settled down comfortably for a quiet ride home to the convent. Just two blocks before she arrived, the tram stopped. There were the sentries. She looked at her numerous purchases, carrots, cabbages, fish, all the other things; must she take all these, and herself, down again to the street? She looked out of the window and then leaned out, calling to the officer in charge, "Hi! you soldier down there! Have I got to come down? I haven't got any guns, an old woman like me. Can I stay here?"

He looked at her cheerful old brown face and laughed, "No, you can stay quiet," he replied.

Hong Kong is a city of brown and

yellow faces now. There are a few Norwegians and a sprinkling of French, Danes, Swedes, Swiss, and Russians. There is also a small group of Irish Jesuits who made use of their nationality to remain behind to do relief work. They are staying for the duration. They were in the thick of the fighting before the fall of Hong Kong, on the roads under shell fire, and in the besieged city.

All the other Europeans, more than 3,000, are packed eight, ten and 12 to a room, in the grim detention camp at Stanley, a former penitentiary. Accommodations and diet are entirely inadequate, and the Japanese cannot cope with the situation. These people are wondering how they are going to live and how long the war will last.

This is what the Japanese have done to Hong Kong. As adversaries, they are tough, mean, and formidable, and are quite frank about what they intend to do to New York, Chicago and San Francisco. They shall not be permitted to succeed, but they are going to try.



Faith and Sorrow

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

The days which follow all battles are memorable because the flags are black by reason of our mourning. Though there is no fighting, but only

peace, what respite is there for us? The beggar's nurse and Caesar's forever hold some dead loved one in their arms. Our banners have the color of

*386 4th Ave., New York City. Dec. 4, 1942.

blood on them, however high they wave.

How shall the human being meet this challenge to his steadfastness of mind? Perhaps it was just because men sought the answer to this query that Christianity supplanted the civilizations of ancient Greece and Rome. Previously the philosophers had written the best replies that human intelligence and courage could provide. The noble Stoic held that the acceptance of ill fortune was the discipline which taught mankind greatness; and as the Greek bowed his head in the presence of necessity, he tried to discern in it the law of the gods, for which it behooved men to have reverence. But though these were the responses of brilliant thinkers and good men, they could not soothe the breaking hearts of humankind. It was the Christian message of hope alone which sufficed. It alone will suffice now.

The message of the Saviour contained no sedative or morphine. Indeed, it seemed to make suffering the central fact of life. Many a Roman thinker was shocked, as all disciples of Nietzsche are in our day, by a religion which worshiped a God-man nailed in ignominy to the cross and slain there. Was He not one who had failed—had been betrayed and outraged, scourged and spit upon, deserted even by those whom He had made His most intimate companions? His Church did not try to forget what had been His lot. For nearly 2,000 years it has wept over Him, every hour of the day and night.

Christianity did not suggest to the

Greek and the Roman that he take delight in a state of mind which assumed that evil and suffering do not exist. It did not even attempt to explain why they exist. To the Saviour's question, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" it sought to find no ingenious or paradoxical reply. The will of God was its peace. It knew only that through sin death had come into the world, and it tried to understand the full meaning of the dark mystery of sin. Christians suffered then, as they do now, sharply and pitifully. Yes, it may well be true that the Christian suffered even more atrociously than did his fellows, because he had developed a deeper awareness of innocence and love and justice.

Nevertheless this faith for the first time offered mankind what can best be described with the beautiful word *consolation*. That gift was so precious that wellborn Roman ladies, inured to every luxury, braved the wrath of the Caesars and death at the claws and teeth of wild beasts in order that they might receive it in their last hour upon earth. What was it, then? As nearly as we can surmise from the historical record and dogmatic teaching, it was the certain knowledge that through suffering one could become more like unto Christ, who had triumphed over suffering. Let us take the phrases which we interpret all too conventionally and put them aside for a moment and think of what it meant to live very close in time to the Saviour who had risen from the dead and gone into the kingdom of heaven. On earth, just a

few years before, He had been crowned with thorns; and now, even here and now, He went resplendent in a body that was as radiant as light. To be like unto Him was to have assurance of that radiance. How great was the joy of those who in suffering and unbearable dejection saw that this was true! You can still hear the holy and unbounded laughter of the Christian converts as you read the ancient martyrologies. For them death was indeed swallowed up in victory.

It was not that anyone sought out death and suffering and disappointment. The Saviour had never sought them. He had wanted to live in a healthy, happy, peaceful society. Everything He could possibly do to cure disease, to right wrong, to help people smile like little children He undertook gladly. Remember the day on which He came to the place where they were stoning a woman taken in adultery. He saved her from death with the cold courage that seems the most definite of His characteristics. Or recall the day at Cana when He gave the wedding guests wine. We are sure He was glad to see them merry. And so those who had been given the Christian consolation were eager to be like Him in all these things, too. The earliest converts started the first great hospital movement known to the ancient world, caring for the sick and the suffering regardless of who they were, praying for their recovery and easing their departure with all the medicines of earth and heaven. They rose in opposition to the bloody shows in the arena. They freed

the slaves when they could, and ransomed the captives of war. There has come down to us from their time a hallowed list of corporal and spiritual works of mercy, and these things they did for everybody, Christian or pagan, black or white, rich or poor.

It seems to me that in these dire times of war the chance of discovering the Christian consolation should mean a great deal to us all. Perhaps no prayer in the liturgy is so frequently repeated as the prayer to be spared from war. The Church, however, knows that it cannot prevent armed conflict until all men have become perfect Christians. And so it does everything it can for those who suffer under the impact of war's brutal force. First, it offers consolation to the soldier. I quote from Cardinal Mercier: "If you ask me for my opinion concerning the eternal welfare of a brave man who voluntarily lays down his life to defend the honor of his country and to rescue justice from the violence done to it, I do not hesitate to reply that one cannot doubt in the least that Christ will award the crown to military courage, and that death suffered in a Christian spirit will assure the salvation of the soldier's soul. 'Greater love than this no man hath,' said our Lord, 'that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

Second, it gives an incomparable benediction to all who suffer—the special benediction which comes from the Saviour Himself, with its assurance of comfort. It is only too true that this blessing cannot bring back a beloved son or friend, cannot ease the dread

wound which will throb for so many empty years. Blessed are they that mourn. Who that believes has failed to realize that in the agony of loss he has found comradeship with Divinity—that he has been privileged to take the marks of the scourging of his soul into eternal life?

The martyrs have known this, in our time as in the days of yore. They wait today in the dungeons of concentration camps, forgotten by all men save the few who dare not so much as whisper their names aloud. To them has been confided the searing fire of loyalty, so little understood in a time which seemingly would gain a victory with material things alone: with tanks and cannon, economic resources and the ruses of propaganda. But our forgotten martyrs no longer see through a glass darkly. To many of them Golgotha had confided its last secret. But I know that in the eyes of some that died there was laughter I shall never comprehend. For they had seen the incongruity between the stakes for which men play and the burgeon of the eternal years.

Finally—and this is perhaps the most important solace for our sorely beleaguered generation—in Christianity alone is there hope that out of the tragedy of these days and years man-

kind may emerge into the light of a better time. So much that we have known and loved has already fallen into ruin. Every road in Europe has been jammed with the outcast, the forsaken, the despairing victims of oppression.

But one gaunt symbol the tyrant against whom we and they struggle has set up for all of us to see. He has replaced the cross of Christ with his own crooked cross. And so everywhere where men sit in bondage, where children starve and women learn the bitter meaning of slavery, there rises the hope that the ancient image of Christian redemption may assert anew its power over the hearts of men. Yet here is a mystery. This hope will be realized only if we ourselves can attain to a measure of the fullness of our faith, with reverence, simplicity and fortitude.

If the pagan can meet this stern hour bravely, so, surely, can we. Only, what he does matters very little. But in every crumbling house in all the lands of earth there is someone who waits to see whether we shall come through this dreadful midnight with the light of Christ in our hearts and hands. Only when he sees that we are approaching with that gift will he know that the hour of deliverance is at hand.

Quiz Answers

(See p. 40.)

1. St. Francis of Assisi. 2. Jacques Marquette. 3. John Henry Newman. 4. Jacopone da Todi. 5. Ignace Jan Paderewski. 6. St. Anthony of Padua. 7. Nicolaus Copernicus. 8. Franz Gruber.

Patriotism

By CARDINAL MERCIER

Excerpt from a book*

Greater love hath no man

A country is no mere agglomeration of individuals or families living on the same soil, engaging in neighborly relations or commerce with one another, and recalling the same memories, whether joyful or sad. No, a country is an association of spirits in the service of a social organization which must be safeguarded at all costs, even that of blood, as the one or the several entrusted with its destiny may direct. And it is because they are of one soul that fellow citizens live the same life in the past by reason of their traditions, just as they share in the prolongation of life into the future through common aspirations and hopes.

Patriotism, being the cardinal principle of domestic unity and order even as it is that which binds children of the fatherland together organically, was looked upon by the noblest thinkers of ancient Greece and Rome as the loftiest of the natural virtues. Aristotle, prince of pagan philosophers, thought that disinterestedness in the service of the city (that is, of the state) is the ideal par excellence here below. The religion of Christ, however, has made of patriotism a law. A perfect Christian must perforce be a perfect patriot, too. Christianity has ennobled the ideal visualized by pagan reason, at the same time making clear that this ideal can-

not find its full realization save in the Absolute.

Whence, one may ask, is there derived this universal, irresistible movement of the soul which in an instant kneads all the urges of a people together in a single effort of cohesion and of resistance to hostile forces menacing its unity and independence? How shall one explain the manner in which all private interests are subordinated to the common interest once the tocsin sounds? Or why all the living offer themselves for immolation? It is not true that the state is essentially of greater worth than the family or the individual; for the state exists in order that the welfare of families and individuals may be served. And is it not true that the fatherland is a god Moloch, on whose altar the lives of all may legitimately be sacrificed? The rudeness of pagan custom and the despotism of the Caesars had led to the erroneous assumption—which modern militarism has tended to revive—that the state is omnipotent and that its discretionary power creates the law.

No, says Christian theology, peace is the law — peace which is the nation with right order based on justice as its norm. But justice itself, in turn, is absolute only because it is the expression of the essential relationships of men

*The World's Great Catholic Literature, ed. by George N. Shuster. 1942. Macmillan, New York City. 441 pp. \$3.

with God and with each other. War for war's sake is therefore a crime. War can be justified only on the ground that it is a necessary means for keeping the peace, as defined, intact. "It is not lawful that peace should serve man to prepare for war," says St. Augustine. "Rather, war is lawful only if it makes peace secure."

In the light of this teaching, which St. Thomas made his own, patriotism takes on a religious character. The interests of the individual (even his corporal existence), of the family, of the political party—all these are lower than the ideal of patriotism in the scale of values because this ideal is in fact the law, which is absolute. Or again, the ideal of patriotism is the public recognition of the law as it applies to nations. It is the national honor.

Yet in actuality there is no absolute save God alone. God alone reigns above all interests and all aspirations by reason of His holiness and of the sovereignty of His dominion. Accordingly, when one affirms the absolute necessity for subordinating all things to law, to justice, to order and to truth, one is implicitly affirming the dependence of all things upon God. When our poor soldiers, hearing us commend them for their heroism, reply very simply, "We have only done our duty," or, "Honor demands these things of us," they profess in their own way the religious character of their patriotism.

Who does not feel that patriotism is "consecrated," and that an attack upon the national dignity is a sort of sacrilegious profanation?

Not long ago a staff officer asked me whether a soldier who falls in the service of a just cause—as ours manifestly is—can be called a "martyr." Now if one uses the word in its strict theological sense, the answer is negative. The soldier is not a martyr because he dies with a weapon in his hands, whereas the martyr delivers himself helpless unto the violence of his persecutors. But if you ask me for my opinion concerning the eternal welfare of a brave man who voluntarily lays down his life to defend the honor of his country and to rescue justice from the violence done to it, I do not hesitate to reply that one cannot doubt in the least that Christ will award the crown to military courage, and that death suffered in a Christian spirit will assure the salvation of the soldier's soul. "Greater love than this no man hath," said our Lord, "that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The soldier who dies in order that his brethren may be saved, and that the hearth fires and the altars of his fatherland may be protected, has performed this nobler kind of charity. He will not, I grant, always have subjected to minute analysis the moral value of his sacrifice. But must one believe that God exacts of a brave soldier engaged in raging combat the methodical logic of the moralist or the theologian? We admire the heroism of the soldier. Who can doubt that God looks upon it with affection?

Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Yours is, of all our sorrows, perhaps the most worthy of our respect.

I seem to see you now, in mourning but erect nevertheless, standing beside the Mother of Sorrows at the foot of the cross. Let us offer you our felicitations at the same time that we bring you our condolences. Not all your heroes and ours are mentioned by name in the communiqués, but we have the right to hope that to them will be given the immortal crown which graces the brows of the elect. For such is the virtue of a perfect act of charity that it may wipe out a lifetime of sin. In the twinkling of an eye it makes a saint of an erring soul.

It should be for us a source of Christian comfort to think that those in any fighting army, not ours alone, who follow in good faith the orders of their chiefs, thus serving a cause they deem

just, can profit by the moral virtue of their sacrifice. How many there may be among these young men of 20 who, perhaps, would not have had the strength to live well but who, carried aloft by the sense of patriotic duty, find the courage to die well! Surely we see, my brethren, that God has the supreme ability to mingle mercy and wisdom with justice; and it is clear that we ought to bear in mind that although war is a scourge in so far as our life on earth is concerned — a scourge, indeed, of such destructive force that we cannot measure the range of its impact — it is also an agent of purification for souls, a means of expiation, and a lever enabling many to climb the heights of patriotism and Christian disinterestedness.



Jeepers!

Three American soldiers who tooled their jeep into the midst of a stag hunt in England received what is known in military circles as "disciplinary action."

The jeep was driven by a sergeant. Two privates stood in the rear of the bouncing machine, frantically trying to bring the stag into their rifle sights. Part of the hunt crossed a rifle range where a band of doughboys stood open-mouthed, watching the Keystone comedy.

First to pass was the stag, his head high and his eyes wild with fright. Then the jeep hurtled along, whipping around trees, across brooks and over hills. The hounds came next, trying desperately to match the pace set by the jeep and the stag.

Finally, far to the rear, came the hunters, pink coats and all, but definitely out of the money.

The stag got away.

From a London U.P. dispatch (8 Dec. '42).

Fifty Years from Now

By ROGER W. BABSON

"God blessed them, saying: Fill the earth, and subdue it"

Condensed from a book*

We have built a few marvelous machines. In some plants these are being properly used and organized, but they are nothing today compared with what we will see during the next 50 years.

All machines work. Some machines feel through the use of electric contacts. All machines will, during the next 50 years, be able to hear, through the use of radio tubes, and to see by means of photoelectric cells. These cells are artificial "eyes" which offer great possibilities. They are made of vacuum tubes containing a plate which, when exposed to light, gives off electrons and thereby regulates the strength of an electric current. In short, they detect and measure the reflection of light and give a signal when certain changes take place. When you pass one of these electric eyes as you approach a door your body shuts off a certain amount of light. This results in turning on an electric current which opens the door for you. These "eyes" are performing in factories thousands of more useful services; yet their use has just started.

Plastics have already made their debut into industry, merchandise, transportation, and homes. They are taking the place of things we now make of wood or metal. Plastics have two advantages: they are made from farm products such as corncoobs or soybeans

which can be raised annually, or else from coal, water and air, of which we have a great abundance; they can be molded or stamped in huge quantities at small expense. The difficulty with the plastic industry is that the machines and dies are expensive. This means that the plastic industry can function economically only on large orders—up into the millions—and cannot bother with constantly changing styles. The color of the product can, however, be changed with little trouble or expense.

Allied with plastics are other chemical developments in the realm of synthetics. Looking ahead, however, I should say that during the next 50 years chemistry, physics, synthetics and machine supervision offer the greatest vocational opportunities. Few things other than models will be made by hand. This also applies to many articles now being made on machine lathes. Furniture, bric-a-brac and gadgets of all kinds will be molded from liquid plastics, like your mother's jellies, or else stamped out, like her doughnuts. Moreover, in the latter work cold metal will be used more and more. But this is only one of a thousand new developments that are coming from the physical and chemical laboratories.

A new industry which is ready to "pop" is the manufacture of prefabricated

*Looking Ahead Fifty Years. 1942. Harper & Brothers. New York City. 234 pp. \$2.

cated houses. They would be with us today except for the power of labor unions, the foolishness of politicians and the opposition of banking and real-estate interests. Just as surely, however, as the ready-made men's suit has put local tailors out of business, so will prefabricated houses put local carpenters out of work. But this development will result in many more houses being built and more people will be employed to furnish and service them. I am not referring to ready-built houses, or motor trailers, or mass-produced "ghost towns." I have in mind modern homes designed attractively like ready-made dresses — but in quantities and in a form to be readily erected, and yet be as permanent as any hand-built home.

With such construction will go other things to increase the comfort and reduce the maintenance cost of homes. Within 50 years the municipalities may merely add on the fire-insurance premiums to the tax bill, although the fire-insurance companies will continue to operate. Even painters may be sent around to us once in three years to spray our houses (if of wood) as the garbage man now makes regular calls. Other things will be done which can cut out the cost of selling us insurance, milk, towels. Then these products may be as cheap as water, gas and electricity.

Air conditioning should do for the tropics what coal has done for the northern countries. Yet up to now, air conditioning has been used mostly in the prosperous cities where it is not really needed in a big way. Office build-

ings, restaurants and stores are now the main markets for air conditioning. Less than 1/100th of 1% of homes have been air conditioned, and less than 1/10th of 1% of factories. The potential market, therefore, is tremendous in all sections, North and South. The price, however, must come down. It will. Much sooner than 50 years hence it will cost no more to cool a house than it now costs to heat one. Also, our heating systems will be entirely different. Instead of trying to heat the air in our rooms, we will heat only ourselves, by rays. Then we can be warm while the thermometer in the room is only 35° or less. A new reverse system will some day be available for cooling. All of these changes will give increased employment to millions.

My chief interest in air conditioning is in the tropics. Comparatively small areas in Brazil could give millions of people a high standard of living. Air conditioning can open up great frontiers. Sections where white people are now unable to live on account of the heat and humidity offer the greatest opportunities for both the essentials and the luxuries of life. There food grows almost wild; few clothes are needed; while shelter is required only from rain and sun. Many of these tropical sections have great undeveloped water power and other natural resources. They await only the white man and he is waiting only for cheap cooling systems.

When we think back upon the ox-cart, canal boat, stage coach, railway train, automobile and airplane, we

rightfully wonder whether the next 50 years may not bring as many changes in transportation as have the past 50 years. This applies to land and ocean travel as well as to air transportation. Thomas A. Edison told me shortly before he died that all airplanes are constructed on an entirely wrong principle and that a revolutionary plane is on the horizon. The probable truth is that, notwithstanding coming improvements, all forms of transportation will continue to perform some function, but will be coordinated in a way now considered impossible.

Within the next half century practically all mail and most of the express will be carried by plane. When a standard commercial plane is developed, the depreciation charges can be reduced so that the cost of carrying passengers and light freight will be less by plane than by rail. When this comes at least a third of the railroad mileage will be scrapped.

The business of communication has many features, from the creation of a language and the building of an alphabet, to printing, photograph records, moving pictures, telephoning, telegraphing, radio broadcasting and television. Here again I forecast that the developments and discoveries of the next 50 years will exceed those of the last 50.

Many illustrations may be given as to what will happen when euphonic spelling comes. Perhaps the simplest is to say that then we will merely talk into a machine and the printed word will come out on paper. But this sys-

tem would still be mechanical. The real jump is coming when the cathode ray and magnetism do the work. The "beam of light" is only the first step. The cathode ray, the mosaic plate, calcium oxide and other chemicals will some day do all our writing and printing for us.

When the first cellophane raincoat was made, the textile industry entered a new era. Both the making of the yarn and the weaving of the cloth were eliminated. The goods were made as paper is made. During the next 50 years most of our clothes will be made in this way. The weaving process will largely be eliminated. The entire suit or dress may be turned out on great presses like those now printing, folding and mailing our color-illustrated magazines.

A study of new metals and alloys begins with revolutionary methods of prospecting which are on the horizon. This, of itself, has undreamed-of possibilities during the immediate years ahead. In addition, the X ray, the microscope, and other developments have led to the use of alloys of tremendous importance. We shall do many practical things with gamma iron, aluminum, magnesium, beryllium, tungsten, tantalum, zirconium and other "new" metals. These alloys reduce the weight of bridges and other structures and thus may greatly reduce the cost. They increase the strength and hardness of armaments and make our airplanes and battleships less vulnerable. They eliminate the wicked waste of rust, which accompanies the use of iron. These and other features open new

markets and uses for alloys. In short, a new industry can give employment to vast numbers of men without displacing any. The only need is not to upset the applecart and handicap our free enterprise system.

We all know one way the X ray is used, for taking photographs of one's insides. Many know how it is being used to photograph the interior of rails, girders, guns and other masses of metal, to locate fractures before it is too late. But few realize how it can be used to see through fogs, detect mountains and airports in the black of night and do other weird things. Vladimir H. Zworykin, the man who helped give us television, is doing excellent work along these lines.

The acceleration of plant growth through the use of chemicals is another subject which is opening up a new industry. This may far exceed the fertilizer industry in importance and yet not replace or supplant it. When we discover the secret of plant life, it may be practical to raise tomatoes, beans and other vegetables anywhere in a few days at almost no expense.

But to return to the X ray. There are about 20 diseases caused by viruses which no microscope has ever discovered. Man knows they exist but they are so small as to go through every filter and defy every eye. It is now hoped that the electron microscope will discover them. This means that during the next 50 years medical laboratories will have shown the way to eliminate these virus diseases as they have typhoid fever, smallpox and diphtheria.

Medicine is only one of the great and unexplored fields open to those who will give their lives to a study of ultra-microscopy.

Four miles from where I am writing here at Babson Park is the Stetson Laboratory for studying geophysical phenomena. It makes atmospheric electric observations. Its work is not only closely related to radio broadcasting, but may have revolutionary results in connection with harnessing the atmospheric electric power which radiates from the sun and other stars. These studies also show a relationship between rainy and pleasant weather and may lead to a new means of forecasting weather conditions. It has further been found that these radio waves are important factors in the growth of plants and the health of individuals and races. It is a wholly new science, a totally new world to explore. Stetson's work has even greater potentialities than had Columbus when he was seeking a new route to India. We all know of the brilliant auroras which we see in the sky on certain clear nights; but we fail to realize the billions of horsepower of magnetism and atmospheric electricity which these rays contain. During the next 50 years these alone may give employment to millions of men.

During the coming half century we will hear much more about the health of the owners of businesses, the officials of corporations, and employers in general. The fact that so many of these people are at the office each day, but are merely "going through the motions" to draw their pay is responsible

for much unemployment. This is something which the labor unions will some day tackle. Boards of directors will demand health reports (following thorough annual physical examinations) on their officers and executives, as they now demand annual audits of financial condition. The only reason why the Securities and Exchange Commission has not already demanded this is because they fear that such a physical audit also would be required of them as well as of all other government employees.

Up to this point I have said nothing about the new sources of the power which is to operate all the new machines I have spoken about. There is, however, tidal power, the sun's rays, wind power, and volcanic power. All of these will be developed greatly, and wise are those who now become interested in them. Present sources of power (water, coal, etc.) will be much cheaper through better systems of distribution — whatever radio develops. I add the latter because there always is the possibility that power may be distributed by radio. This would mean that our autos would no longer need gas and we would pay for our power by locked mileage meters on our cars. This power would come from the air. I am not now, however, forecasting this.

The 4/1,000,000,000-of-an-inch atom has the most revolutionary possibilities imaginable. Too few realize that a sin-

gle uranium-isotope bomb would have 30 million times the energy of an equal weight of T. N. T. One such bomb might not only wipe out New York City, but the percussion resulting therefrom would break windows and knock down people in Boston, Albany and Washington. Hence, when these can be made, wars must cease.

But this is only one illustration. I am much more interested in listening to scientists who show how a teaspoonful will drive a great steamship around the world or how a bit the size of a pea will heat a house all winter. If power is not distributed by radio, these scientists claim that when we buy an automobile there will be enough uranium, or some other atomic chemical, under the hood to run the car 20,000 miles without refueling. Here again, although such a development would throw some coal dealers and filling-station men out of work, coal and oil would continue to be mined and many more men would be engaged in changing these raw materials into far more valuable products.

Words fail me to express my belief in the great possibilities ahead for this nation if our people can be educated to master their opportunities. We are entering an era comparable only to the time when the mechanical loom supplanted the spinning wheel, when the railroads took the place of stage coaches. We are on the verge of another great industrial revolution.

Let us not pray for a light burden but for a strong back.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Beyond the Arctic Circle

How to enter a mind

By JOSEPH BIASIOLLI, O.M.I.

Condensed from the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament**

The Eskimo language does not deal with abstractions; it pictures everything in concrete images. Descriptive adjectives are a luxury seldom, if ever, indulged in. If the Eskimo wants to say that the sun is red, he says that the sun is a *little bit like blood*. He will not say that Jesus has a *human* soul, but that Jesus has a soul *like a man*. From this you may gather that the Eucharist, carrying so much in itself that has no real equivalent in nature to compare it with, presents quite a difficulty. This famine of adjectives forces the missionary to be very graphic in his speech, but it is not without its compensations; for once truth has been fixed in the Eskimo mind, it will not easily be dislodged. The doctrine of the *Real Presence*, for example, has a very decided advantage over the *virtual* presence taught by the Anglican minister. To the Eskimo mind, Christ is present in the consecrated Host or He is not. The half-way expositions of heresy lack realness.

I have found that the idea of food is the best Eskimo approach to the Eucharist, food for the better part of man, the soul — an approach our Lord Himself used to open the understanding of the Jews. The Eskimo's life interest centers around food. His activities are wholly taken up with procuring food for himself and his family.

He eats to live and to keep warm. His mind leaps easily enough from the all-necessary food for this soul; hence the word used to bring home to him the idea of Communion means something to give nourishment without being swallowed.

The simplicity of this procedure by comparison presents a problem: the Eskimo mind does not as a rule detect the limp in a comparison but pushes it to its last detail. The more food for his body, the better; therefore, the more food for the soul, the better. If not duly warned, the new convert may forget ecclesiastical restrictions and receive Communion two or three times a day.

Another argument that scores with the Eskimo in convincing him of the possibility of the Real Presence is the one taken from God the Creator, which in Eskimo means "a Person who makes land." Bigness is much more real and difficult to the Eskimo than smallness, however complex a small thing may be. If God can make the whole earth, there is no reason why He cannot make Himself in the tiny Host.

Faith is a gift, and God alone, who is the Giver, knows how it is received. At any rate, the life of the average Catholic Eskimo is standing evidence of the genuineness of his Eucharistic belief. When stopping at the mission post, he attends Mass on weekdays as

*194 E. 76th St., New York City, December, 1942.

well as Sundays, two or three of them if there are that many scheduled. All the missionary need do to gather a congregation is to ring the bell, and every Eskimo who is free and within hearing distance will make for church.

The Eskimo takes his Sunday obligations seriously. An eight to 15-mile trek to Mass on Sunday is the normal thing. Sunday for him is nothing but the Lord's day. He will attend the early low Mass, stay on for the high Mass, enjoy tea and biscuits on the house, wait until the 3:30 Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and only then return home for the first square meal of that day. By the way, there are no collections for the simple reason there is nothing to collect.

In their own fashion Eskimos are very respectful. An allowance must, of course, be made for their lack of 20th-century etiquette; but whatever is part of their code of good breeding is scrupulously observed in church. I have yet to see grownups carry on conversation or misbehave in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

I wish I could say as much of the children; but then they do not follow rules up here any more than they do in New York City. On one occasion as I was preaching, a little fellow, sitting right in front of me, repeated out loud entire sentences of my sermon. The congregation did not mind it, and for that matter, neither did I. In fact, it was rather encouraging, for I could tell from what he was repeating how good my pronunciation was.

Possibly the only time Eskimos get

worried over spot-white cleanliness is in the preparation of a place for Mass. They think it no trouble at all to build a brand new igloo so that the priest may have a decent place to say Mass in; and I assure you that a freshly-built igloo is about the most immaculate place in the world. But it can also be cold. Mass wine is a problem; it cannot stand the low temperatures. It may congeal even during Mass. Many a time I have had to warm the chalice between the Consecration and Communion to prevent it from freezing. The rubrics of extending one's hands and joining them must often be ignored; the priest has to use what little heat is left in his hands to keep the chalice warm.

Frequent Communion is the common thing. If our Catholics happen to stay at the mission outpost for a few days, they may even receive daily. They clock their sacramental fast on the sun. I checked up on them, and they are almost living sundials, even when the sun sneaks up over the horizon only for an hour or two, or merely rims it with a glow. Some will decide whether they are entitled to Communion from the way their tummy feels — not always a perfect clock to go by, but accepted as good enough when you have nothing else.

Women will come to Communion with a youngster — sometimes three or four years old — in a sack on their back. The little fellow often proves a nuisance. At Communion-time, unless he happens to be dozing off, he will stand up and crane his neck from right

to left to see what is being done to his mother. That does not disturb her devotion in the least. But if the little one becomes overfidgety, she will very gently but firmly push him back to the bottom of the sack where he belongs.

And here is a privilege some of your hat-shy young ladies in the states may envy: Eskimo women do not wear hats in church. Every effort to make them do so has so far failed. The only head-gear they boast of is the long flap that goes over the child-carrying bag on their back. Were they to cover their heads in church, they would smother the little fellow in the bag. And, of course, the daughters copy their mothers.

For all their lack of finer culture, these Eskimos give proofs of great fineness of feeling. I once had to take Communion to a sick woman. The igloo was a bit old and rather grimy, and I anticipated having to swallow my feelings while maneuvering the rubrics. Certainly, I would not find a fitting spot on which to lay the corporal. And for good measure of nuisances, the dogs would be there. Well, what do you think happened? The men built a nice new igloo and transported the woman there, so that our Lord might have a clean place to come into. Simple faith works miracles.

Once they have accepted eucharistic teaching, the Eskimos take it seriously and live up to its practical conse-

quences. Their reverence borders on the scrupulous. In chapels containing more than one altar, they will genuflect before each one in case Christ might be there. On Holy Thursday, they organize into groups and take turns before our eucharistic Lord the whole day. When going on a hunting expedition, their last act before leaving, and their first upon returning, is to visit the Blessed Sacrament.

The Eskimo's sense of smell differs somewhat from ours. Not educated on sweet-scented flowers, his olfactory nerves have developed along rather odd lines. Burning incense does not appeal to him. A missionary was once asked why he put some of that smoking powder on the burning coals at Benediction.

"To give external expression to our adoration of Christ."

"But couldn't you express that with something that has a pleasant smell? Why don't you use tobacco?"

The wording of the Divine Praises after Benediction furnishes ample proof that the difficulties of expressing the spiritual in the Eskimo language are more than compensated for by realness and clearness. For instance, "Blessed be Jesus in the most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar," when done into Eskimo, reads: "Blessed be Jesus, the thing He gives, His nature, it being *good food*" (*good*, in the sense of *morally best food*).

When requesting a change of address, please give the old address as well as the new. If, as may be the case with servicemen, this is not permitted, send us the order number which appears on the envelope of your magazine.

Meteorology

By J. JOHN MALNERITCH

How do you like the weather?

Condensed from the *Owl**

Meteorology is that organized body of knowledge men possess about the weather; fundamentally, it is physics, mechanics and chemistry applied to the atmosphere. The development of the science of meteorology has depended a great deal upon the growth of these three other sciences. Only after the development of mechanics and the branch of mathematics known as vector analysis along with the invention of such basic instruments as the barometer and the thermometer could any real progress be made.

Since it is not possible to perform controlled laboratory experiments upon the atmosphere, it was necessary to study the atmospheric processes from simultaneous observations over vast areas. These observations could not be transmitted rapidly from station to station until the advent of the telegraph. Moreover, the funds necessary to assemble a large mass of observed data could not be easily raised unless meteorology could satisfy some specific public demands. These problems all had to be solved before the science could make any real progress.

Conversation about the weather is older than recorded history. The earliest indications of scientific activity in this field go back at least to the 5th century B.C., with more or less regular visual observations of certain weather

phenomena. The first formal treatise on meteorology was written about 350 B.C. by Aristotle. Rain measurements are known to have been taken in India as early as the 4th century B.C., and weather vanes for indicating the direction of the wind were prevalent in the 1st century B.C.

Napoleon III was the first to sponsor a weather bureau. As a result of a great storm which wrecked the French fleet during the Crimean War, Napoleon proposed to the astronomer Leverrier that he develop a method to predict future storms. Leverrier did most of this work as a post-mortem on the storm, and found that storms followed definite paths and traveled with a fairly constant speed. Unfortunately, the storm which Leverrier investigated had presented a pronounced and clear-cut case. Consequently, the only important result of this work was the establishing of a few rules of thumb whereby the paths of storms could be approximated. However, Leverrier did succeed in setting up a chain of weather stations throughout Europe.

The next important advance in this science occurred between 1850 and the first World War. During this time extensive theoretical investigations of fundamental importance were made. Simultaneously, important contributions to the thermodynamics of the

*University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif. November, 1942.

atmosphere were made. It was during this time that the great Norwegian meteorologist V. Bjerknes proposed his circulation theorem (1898) and his air-mass method of weather forecasting (1912).

Bjerknes carried on his initial work with collaborators in Norway. The fruits of this work lie in the air-mass theory employed to a great extent today, and upon which several important advances have been made by Americans. The most notable of these is the development of isentropic analysis by Rossby and his associates. Isentropic analysis, like the air-mass theory, deals with three-dimensional weather analysis. Until the outbreak of the present war, forecasts which extended over whole seasons and even years were being undertaken. Father Jerome S. Ricardo, S.J., pioneered long-range forecasts on the Pacific coast.

Contemporaneous meteorology came into its own when commercial flying became a reality. Meteorology made the rapid expansion in air travel possible. The increased emphasis being placed upon airplane warfare has given meteorology still greater impetus. It has been reported that Hitler decided the zero hour for the launching of his campaign against the Lowlands only after consulting his meteorologists. This is borne out by the fact that the German army has commonly had good flying weather during its offensive campaigns.

The Japanese recently renewed a concession from the Russian government on Kamchatka, the peninsula

lying between the Okhotsk and Bering Seas. There the Japanese built a weather station ostensibly for broadcasting weather reports to their fishing fleet in the Sea of Okhotsk. Since the weather masses which make up Alaska's weather travel along the eastern coast of Siberia, the Japanese need weather forecasts from this station to maintain their occupancy of the Aleutian Islands. It will be remembered that the Japanese task force moved in under the cover of a very heavy fog.

The U. S. Weather Bureau is keeping all weather information secret for the duration of hostilities. If such information were made public, a submarine operating in the Atlantic could forecast the weather approaching Europe. Weather conditions are important to our convoys and plane-ferry service, and the submarine would be able to broadcast the weather information to Germany and the *Luftwaffe*.

A knowledge of weather conditions is essential to the successful conduct of military operations. The wind velocity and direction has a marked effect upon successful bombings and artillery barrages. Defense against possible chemical warfare cannot be planned successfully without knowledge of prevailing weather conditions, for wind velocity and direction are critical in the distribution of poisonous gases. Humidity is another big factor in the distribution of gases: if the air is too moist, the gas becomes diluted and loses some of its effectiveness; if too dry, the gas tends to settle out of the air too soon. It is also necessary to know the duration of the

favorable weather conditions in order to decide whether the desired effect can be accomplished.

Weather conditions are even more critical in flying. Since airplanes are so costly in labor, time, and materials, and their crews so hard to replace, an army must keep plane losses to a minimum. Even though conditions may appear favorable, a complete weather report is necessary before the flight can be prudently attempted. "Bumpy" air may cause a gunner to miss his aim, or prove disastrous otherwise.

There is a little-known branch of meteorology which is becoming more and more important because of the war. This branch is known as medical meteorology and deals with the influence of weather and climate upon the human body. Since our armed forces are fighting in the frigid North and in the tropics, this branch of the science plays an important part in the consignment of medical supplies, and in the methods used to heal wounds and to prevent and cure diseases.

Many of us were not conscious of the fact that before the war there were two branches of meteorology which played a great part in our everyday

lives. These were agricultural meteorology and hydrometeorology. Agricultural meteorology deals with the application of meteorology to agriculture, soil conservation, and the like. Hydrometeorology is concerned with the meteorological problems of water supply, flood control, and irrigation.

Frequently crops worth large sums of money have been saved through weather reports to farmers. One particular service which has been of inestimable value is the Fruit Frost Forecast in the Southern California citrus belt which gives nightly forecasts of minimum temperatures. In this way much work and expense in connection with the smudging of the citrus groves is saved. Farmers are also always interested in the prospect of rain, to save them the trouble and expense of irrigation.

Meteorology, then, plays an important part in our life and is playing an increasingly significant part in the fighting of the war. No doubt considerable advances are being made in this science the world over. Because of war-time censorship this information will not be generally available until after the war has been won.



Beginnings...XLII...

OKLAHOMA

First priests: Those with De Soto in 1541.

First Mass: Probably by the above priests in 1541.

First recorded Baptisms: Those by Fathers Walsh and Monaghan in 1849.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

One Who Was Evacuated

By J. P. DE FONSEKA

Dictators dictate death

Condensed from the Ceylon *Catholic Messenger**

It was the height of the reign of terror, the climax of a season of a deadly violence. It was the very zenith of a bloody criminality.

Men wondered if there had been, or could be, worse days. Nothing in the history they knew could even vaguely compare with what they heard was going on. For in the 5,000 years known to the chronicles there was no parallel to the iniquity of this ruler. There were monsters in times gone by, but those of the past seemed to be angels in comparison with the one then dealing with diabolic energy.

The dictator dictated and almost every word of his appalling voice was to command death.

On the broad earth there crawled and crept and sneaked hither and thither spies and eavesdroppers who waited for any word that might be construed as sedition. The tyrant's lick-spittles were nosing out information of any one aspiring to the sovereign power; for there were vague and stray rumors of an individual who would oust the despot after all.

The Gestapo were specially insolent and their hirelings were everywhere. The concentration camps were full with men arrested on suspicion and subjected to brutal treatment during the tyrant's pleasure. All those likely to want to supersede the tyrant by force

had paid the penalty of the likelihood. But the precautions of the *Führer* were not exhausted.

On the apprehension that the challenge to his absolute power may come not, after all, from adults but those who were children (for the word had come to him that a child just born would be his real rival and the true challenger) the *Führer* then made his last desperate bid for safety.

So that he might have that peace of mind which becomes absolute power, there was promulgated this order, straight and stark, peremptory and admitting of no possible exception: all the men-children that were in the suspected region and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under, were to be put to the sword.

Then was the darkest hour of all the history of that ancient land. In the horror of those days the terror-stricken elders remembered an ancient word in their time-honored Scriptures: A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not.

There could be no mistaking now this voice in Rama. Only a man deaf as a post would not hear it. Only there were so many thousands of Rachels bewailing their children; and it was staggering to realize what an almost

*Colombo, Ceylon. Jan. 11, 1942.

inexhaustible supply of children there were in the homes of the tyrant's domains. In ordinary times no one counts the children, as such, as they teem in the homesteads and over the thresholds. Now it was a grisly, ghastly count. Some have made the appalling figure 14,000. It may be called a capital levy.

It had to be paid. From this last menace inspired by hell there was no safeguarding. There was no refuge from the arrow that flieth in the day or the business that walketh about in the dark: from invasion or the noon-day devil. No air-raid precautions had been made. There was only a sudden onset of armed maniacs about their *Führer's* business, a flash of a bloody sword and a deluge of young blood in the cradles.

It is possible that numbers of fathers and mothers fled for the lives of their offspring and ran to the mountains and shared the protection of the lairs of wild beasts, so much more merciful than the agents of the *Führer*. It is also possible that the richer sort, using money, a power always able to work wonders which mercy cannot, oiled liberally the palms of hands brandishing the sword. And, thereupon, the dangerous instrument was sheathed; and their privileged children survived with the silver spoons in their mouths with which they were born.

But the innumerable poor and the multitude of others, who had no spare cash with which to buy the friendship of the marauders' swords, were in the helpless case. There would be no hid-

ing, because even walls had ears and the roofs had eyes. Neighboring Quislings would be blabbing their little secret. The information was worth money. The fifth columnists would not hesitate to cash the information they could give the sworded executioners of babies. So the carnage went on of the infants and sucklings, out of whose mouths the Almighty, in the language of the ancient seer and singer, was to perfect praise.

We cannot know for certain the details of those bloody days. We have no information on how many families yielded up their contribution to the holocaust of the grim idol Moloch, living and eating up children as they were brought up to his throne. We cannot make any speculation about the happy few who were favored to escape with their progeny and to have their cradles tenanted with innocents who had escaped the reign of terror.

All we know is that there was one family of successful refugees. One family alone was evacuated. One family was all that managed to effect a flight by night. From their beds they trekked the lone way into a temporary exile. The details of even that single escape are wanting. We only know that the A. R. P. of heaven was exerted on their behalf; and they, father, mother and child were evacuated.

Thus it was done: "Behold an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: Arise and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt; and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will

seek the Child to destroy Him. Who arose and took the Child and His Mother by night, and retired into Egypt and he was there until the death of Herod. But when Herod was dead, behold an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph in Egypt, saying: Arise, and take the Child and His Mother and go into the land of Israel. For they are dead that sought the life of the Child. Who arose, and took the Child and His Mother, and came into the land of Israel."

Thus the warden of the heavenly A. R. P. spoke, and the poor carpenter, Joseph, obeying, saved the designs of the Most High.

The exploit of St. Joseph must rank among the greatest of the marvels of the lives of saints. The program of the expedition between the going and the home-coming fills and thrills the imagination. A journey of the kind from Judea into Egypt was, humanly speaking, a voyage into the unknown, a faring forth to the end of the world and back.

But there need be no questioning about the achievement of the itinerary, because of the Child, who explains the puzzle and solves the problem with a divine ease. We know that before the generations of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs of Egypt, the Child was. Before the great pyramids were thought of, before the Nile ever flowed, before the Sahara ever was desert, the Child was.

If the monumental Sphinx had its inscrutable and insoluble riddle, the Child was the answer, the only answer. The Sphinx was thousands of years old when the Child passed that way, but before the Sphinx ever propounded her conundrum, the Child was, and had, the answer.

It is true that nobody could have made head or tail of it if Joseph had told anyone in Egypt. The *Führer* had raged and devised vain things. But now he was dead, who had sought the Child. All there is to say of the great Herod is that he lived. And now he is dead.



The policy of the Big Stick which functioned at the beginning of the century with Colombia and Puerto Rico has been succeeded by the policy of the well-intentioned dollar. Where the Big Stick reigned there now is the sphere of the financiers of Wall Street who are offering gold to conquer South Americans with love and confidence. We owe the new policy to Hitler's discovery of South America and a percentage of the commission is due him. Without the *Führer* we would continue to be a savage and ignored jungle.

Assis Chateaubriand in the Rio de Janeiro *Jornal* quoted in the *Pan American* (July-Sept. '41).

Hong Kong Hero

By W. C. McGRATH, S.F.M.

Truck driver, piano player, etc.

Condensed from *China**

In the hastily improvised refugee camp near Hong Kong's scenic Repulse Bay, 5,000 Chinese look helplessly on as the tide of battle surges about them. Shells screaming overhead. Japanese dive bombers cleave the skies to release their loads of death on the beleaguered garrison atop the famous peak.

Cut off from practically all contact with the besieged and overcrowded city, depending for their very lives upon the meager supplies that may trickle across that gray hinterland of death, the stricken refugees watch with growing apprehension as the mad whirlpool of war threatens to engulf them. Who knows? Today it is cold and hunger. Tomorrow it may be death. Only one thing seems certain: the relentless approach of that ruthless foe. The rumbling of the guns grows ominously louder. Inexorably, irresistibly, it would seem, the dogged, determined enemy is closing for the knock-out blow. And scant mercy, indeed, may they expect, if the hopelessly outnumbered defenders of Hong Kong should be overrun by the hordes of little men from Kowloon across the way.

Suddenly, from the outer fringe of the camp, a great shout goes up spontaneously. Down the shell-pitted road, where bullets whine and hungry death

is on the prowl, a large truck is tearing madly across that no man's land, headed for the entrance to the enclosure. They know who it is. Even before the swelling chorus of child voices temporarily drowns out the din of impending doom, they could tell you that it can only be their friend from faraway Canada, the young missionary Father who has so often defied the dangers of the Hong Kong range.

"The *Seng Vu*. The *Seng Vu*. He's back again. We knew he'd come. God protects him and not even the Japanese bullets can keep him away."

Battle-scarred and bullet-riddled, the lurching, bouncing old truck skids and screeches to a stop. Wreathed in smiles, as if it were an afternoon ride, the driver descends, to be mobbed by the hundreds of children who crowd about him, almost hysterical with joy. No, he has not forgotten them. There is a bamboo basket full of parcels in the front seat. There are precious tidbits for those pathetic, hungry-eyed little victims, so soon to be swept away by the fury of the gathering storm. There are cakes and candies, peanuts and sugar cane—even a few more toys and puzzles to help while away the tedious hours in the compound.

The "*Seng Vu* is here again." In the eyes of that little lost battalion already aglow with affectionate hero

*Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., Canada. December, 1942.

worship, a new light of hope shines across the desolate havoc of war. Somebody cares, after all. Somebody who is strong and brave enough to defy the terrible enemy and bring that truck, with its precious two-ton load of rice, across the death-swept mountain road. Taking his life in his hands with every trip, the *Seng Vu* still finds time to think especially of them, and to shop around the dangerous streets of Hong Kong to bring them their precious little treasures. At the sight of this fearless young priest, who daily braves death that they may live, even the stoical, hard-bitten Chinese adults "can scarce repress a cheer." We who are about to die salute you, Father.

The driver is Father Charles Murphy, one of the outstanding heroes of the tragic siege of Hong Kong. For two weeks now he has made his daily "routine" trips across that ten miles of shell-torn no man's land that separates the Bay section from the city of Hong Kong. He doesn't tell them that only two days ago a Christian Brother, on a similar errand of mercy, had his truck blown to bits beneath him. Time and again has he run that gauntlet of machine-gun fire, artillery barrage, and road strafing by Japanese planes in order to bring this, their only food, to the thousands of helpless people. For he alone stands between them and death.

But he makes light of it all. Even as willing hands are stretched out to help him unload the precious cargo, Father Charlie is giving the truck the once over to see if any bullets have

punctured the gasoline tank. The windshield is shattered and the fenders look like sieves but the old crate can still run. Till tomorrow, when he will take to the road again, he is free to move among the refugees, dispensing a meager supply of medicine and a cheery word of hope that even he, in his heart of hearts, must be far from feeling as Hong Kong struggles in its death agony.

All through the siege, till he was captured, truck and all, by the swarming Japanese, Father Charlie fearlessly ran his errand of mercy, saving the lives of thousands and winning his way, as only Father Charlie can, into the hearts of a grateful people. He is now interned with the British Community in Hong Kong. He could have come home on the Gripsholm but he felt he was needed where he was. And who can doubt the wisdom as well as the unselfish heroism of his decision?

Father Norris, C.P., himself just back from Hong Kong, tells another little human interest story that illustrates the character of Father Murphy. "The day before I left Hong Kong to return to America" he says, "he came to see me. He took off his shoes and gave them to me.

"Put on those shoes," he ordered, 'and no arguments. You'll not go to the States without shoes.'

"What will you do for shoes?' I asked. 'I'll make out,' he countered.

"And make out he will. When the British Community in internment finds out that he has no shoes, they'll find a way, somehow, to get them for

their beloved Father. He is proud to be known as a priest of the Scarborough Bluffs Missions, the Foreign Missionary Society of Canada."

Not half as proud as we are of him. It is during ordeals that search men's souls that true greatness stands out. To stand as a "rock of morale" in the gathering tempest of impending doom requires a greatness of soul that can look death smilingly in the face and quietly carry on.

If contempt for death, so admired by the Japanese, be any criterion, then he must at least have won their grudging admiration. And if, by any chance, there should be an old piano among the loot in the internment camp, I'll lay you ten to one that some fine day you will find "his reverence" surrounded by half of the Japanese general staff pouring their souls out to the tune of *God Bless America*. Father Charlie is like that.



Rumor at Work

A French painter sat in his favorite cafe drinking his favorite wine. He was about to order a second bottle when his eye lit on a newspaper headline which read, "Hard Times Coming." Instead of ordering the second bottle, he called for his check and prepared to leave.

The proprietor wanted to know if anything was wrong with the wine. "The wine was all right," he said, "but hard times are coming and I must economize."

The proprietor considered this news and said, "Then my wife must not order the silk dress we planned, but must take one of cotton."

"Hard times," repeated the dressmaker, when the order was changed. "This is no time to expand. I must not make the improvements I had planned."

"Hard times, eh?" said the builder. "Then I cannot have my wife's portrait painted." So he wrote a letter to the artist and canceled the order.

After receiving the letter canceling the picture, the artist went back to the restaurant to have a bottle of wine for consolation. On a near-by chair was the paper in which he had read of hard times a few days before. He picked it up, read it more thoroughly, and found that it was two years old.

From the Omaha, Neb., *OCD Speakers' Letter* (Vol. 1, No. 6).

A Latin American To Us

By EMMANUEL T. SANDOVAL

Condensed from *Thought**

The beam in our eye

We Latin Americans admire your hard work, your capacity for producing, your well-organized cooperation in hemispheric defense. We admire, also, the four freedoms you have proclaimed.

Secondly, we feel grateful for what you have given us. Many of our cities have been improved, some of our dormant resources have been put to work, our commerce has been helped by your financial aid. For all this we are grateful.

Thirdly, we need you and your resources, some of your raw materials, the products of your industry, your markets and, above all, your capital, your protection, and your friendship.

We Americans of the South desire the most friendly relations with Americans of the North. We rejoice to hear you speak so enthusiastically about the physical beauty of our countries and the richness of our resources. However, we cannot help seeing that the interest you show towards our 120 million people is sadly inferior to the interest you display towards our material resources. We do not wish to be unkind; but we must be truthful. Large-hearted and intelligent as you are, you Americans of the North do not, we feel, fully understand us.

It is not easy to understand our spirit; and that for three reasons. The

first is the nature of our race. Even the name "Latin Americans" is a misleading label. You North Americans teach in college history that Spain and Portugal conquered us, and gave us a Latin culture. Hence you look upon us as a production of Iberian civilization exclusively. We, however, take a completely different view of our cultural ancestry.

The vast majority of our ancestors were original dwellers on this continent, and in a number of instances had attained a high degree of culture before the Spanish conquest. Our only claim to being Latin is based on the blood of the comparatively few Spanish conquerors and early settlers, a mere 100,000, who, for the first 50 years after the conquest, were scattered from Mexico to Cape Horn. In most of them, moreover, there was a generous admixture of Berber, Goth or Arab with their original Latin blood. It is true that these early colonizers guided our original civilization, but they did not change the nature of our races. We are not "synthetic" Spaniards. We are Americans, much more so than you of the North. We think that we have preserved all that our aboriginal ancestors had, Christianized it, mixed it with the best in Spain's racial and cultural stock, and produced a new race.

Secondly, it is difficult to understand

*Fordham Univ. Press, New York City. December, 1942.

us because, though you consider us *in globo*, we are really 21 republics, different one from another, with a diversity of historical background, interests and environments. The spirit of each of these 21 peoples is quite its own. The historical background of each republic, though in its main outline somewhat similar to that of the others, is yet in its development entirely different and gives to each one of us an independent selfhood. The economic interests and future outlook of each republic, due to the variety of its resources, and the extent to which its products have been brought to the markets of the world, have given to each of the nations a different standing. The greater or less facility of the means of transportation at the disposal of each has contributed very materially towards making each one of the republics a unit by itself. In spite of the radio and the airplane, the almost insurmountable barriers to intercommunication have produced in us an isolation which has given us a self-sufficient provincialism. One of the evils of provincialism is an unabated pride. We have our "international" quarrels which you may think absurd, but which because of our personal pride we think justifiable. These quarrels seem to us to involve something of a sacred trust.

A third difficulty in understanding us springs from the difference in language. Not infrequently, we find evidences of very slight efforts on the part of North Americans to bridge this gap. We realize, of course, that because of the simple structure of the English lan-

guage, a good many Americans find the mastery of languages a difficult task, and hence invariably we show courteous helpfulness whenever we see evidences of an endeavor to learn our Spanish or Portuguese. In many cases even a slight effort to learn Spanish would be of considerable advantage, yet the effort is not made. We strive manfully to speak English, because we think courtesy demands it. Secretly we are hurt, when we see little or no effort made to return the compliment.

Consider now the four points in which we Latin Americans believe that you intelligent Americans of the North do not understand us. We readily admit it is not easy to grasp our spirit. Yet, making due allowances for all difficulties, we sincerely believe that you Americans of the North as a general rule make but slight effort to do so. First of all, you do not understand our point of view. A great number of otherwise well-informed citizens of the U. S. cannot see why we should look upon you as the "Colossus of the North," what reasons we have for regarding you with fear and distrust. Yet, the historical record of your attitude towards us for over a century has not inspired us with confidence. This record constitutes a chapter in your history that deserves impartial analysis and thoughtful consideration. Though doubtless your State Department may have given to our various governments satisfactory explanations, we, as a people, cannot easily forget such facts as the ever-widening interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, the dollar diploma-

cy, the first Roosevelt's boast that he took Panama and was proud of it, the firing of American guns on Veracruz, the landing of 5,000 U. S. troops in Nicaragua in 1926. In view of these and similar events, can you blame us for at least a lingering bit of fear lest your bright smiles and friendly offers may be inspired mainly by the fact that you need us now.

Secondly, we believe that you do not appreciate our cultural heritage. In speaking of this, we Latin Americans do not wish to be unkind towards our neighbors of the North, nor to be unreasonable in our demands. However, we cannot help feeling disappointed at the condescending attitude not infrequently assumed toward us.

In order to evaluate our Latin-American culture properly, we must remember that there is no common educational thread running through North, Central and South America. The mind of the Latin-American business man, educator, or workman is cast in a mold different from that of his North American counterpart. The modern cultural orientation of our people is towards Europe—France, Italy, Germany, and particularly, Spain and Portugal. Even if, in recent years, our economic ties with the U. S. have been closer than those with Europe—though this is not true of Argentina and Uruguay—it remains a fact that the Americas of the South represent a culture very different from that of the North.

Practically all of the upper-class families of our republics have been accustomed to send their children for

their higher education to the universities of Europe; and these bring back with them European ideals that permeate the higher strata of our society and government. Our artists and scientists have carried on their work in the universities of Europe and, until quite recently, found in Madrid, Lisbon and Paris a ready market for their productions. The long list of our litterateurs, artists, scientists, statesmen and persons of unusual ability in other lines of endeavor proves that we have a definite Latin-American culture which, unfortunately, is but superficially appreciated in the U. S.

Thirdly, you do not understand that our ideals are neither utilitarian nor materialistic. Though we are practical and sufficiently keen in business, our aims and ideals tend towards a plane far above that of purely material advantages.

The spirit of our people can be summed up in one word, *Hispanidad*, which has no equivalent in English. By *Hispanidad* we mean a happy and appealing combination of the numerous characteristics of the Hispanic hidalgo, engrafted on the solid, sturdy and deeply humble parent stem of the aboriginal racial stock. Our *Hispanidad* is an interior culture; it is a high refinement of the soul. This we treasure above wealth and material advantages. It comprises the delicate courtesy so characteristic of the cultured Latin Americans, even among the poorer classes. It bespeaks a delicate refinement, born of thoughtful consideration, and brought to perfection by in-

telligent self-discipline, taught us in childhood, a perfection that approaches a fine art. There is our deeply rooted sensitiveness, which to persons who do not fully understand its charming nature may seem to be excessive. It is based on a permeating and deep-seated personal self-respect, a chivalrous sense of the high value of human personality, and profound regard for one's fellow men.

Fourthly, if we cannot expect that our ideals and our way of life be appreciated, much less can we expect that the deep significance of religion in our life be fully understood. To the majority of us Latin Americans, religion means something much deeper than it seems to mean to a great number of Americans of the North. To many excellent North Americans, religion is an accomplishment, placed on the same footing with any other desirable accomplishment, like eloquence, or an unusual ability in music. To electrify an audience by eloquence, or stir its deepest sentiments with music, is something desirable, but not indispensable. To us, religion is something much deeper than an accomplishment. To us, religion means our very life. It has played a vital part in the policies of our governments, has entwined itself into the vicissitudes of our history, permeates and gives significance to our social activities, and brings light, courage and the sweetest consolation to our domestic life. It presents a luminous and lofty goal for the life endeavors of each individual. The history, ideals and spirit of our Latin-

American people will be better understood if the import of our religion be kept in mind.

We cannot, therefore, expect you to understand us completely, nor do we imagine we fully plumb the North American character. Our great problem in Latin America at first glance may seem to imply a contradiction. We see North American interests taking possession of our industries and exploiting our resources; and, of course, we rejoice that prosperity is spreading over our nations. On the other hand, we realize that thereby powerful syndicates acquire dominion over our lands, that important concessions are awarded them, and that gradually a permanent foothold is permitted them. They are building us a power we may some day find difficult to control. We are certain that the good-neighbor policy of President Roosevelt, proclaimed on Dec. 28, 1933, has accomplished marvelous economic and cultural transformations. We Latin Americans frequently meditate and fully weigh the words of President Roosevelt, "The definite policy of the U. S. from now on is one opposed to armed intervention." Yet, we sincerely hope that your Export-Import banks which are being established among us will not devour us. The intervention we fear most is the silent yet irresistible infiltration of foreign powers.

We naturally look to you, our powerful neighbors to the north, for complete protection against Germany and Japan. Officially, by the agreement made at Rio de Janeiro our absolute

faith is placed in you. Yet in face of the undeniable facts that in the past your understanding of our people and your sympathy towards us has been so limited, though we have accepted you as our protectors, our people seem to be justified in asking what guaran-

tee we have that some of the events of past history may not repeat themselves. Is it entirely impossible that, if you do not understand us you may arise in the might of your power and crush us? Even now there lingers in us something like fear and distrust.



Two Chaplains

One Sunday on bivouac near Fort Knox we set up our "churches" on opposite sides of a long sloping hill; the Protestants on one side and we on the other, about a quarter of a mile apart. And so I celebrated my first field Mass. During the Mass there was a peculiar coincidence. When the wind was right, a few snatches of the prayers and hymns of the Protestant service could be heard as they carried over the loud-speakers. Just at the Sanctus of the Mass the strains of the hymn *Holy, Holy, Holy* floated across the hillside. They were singing in English what I was saying in Latin.

Father Edmund P. Kielty in the *C.Y.O. News* (Oct. '42).



Thursday morning Jerry (my clerk) and I got up at 6 A.M. and started setting up the altar, wondering if any soldiers would turn out for Mass. We had the truck lights shining faintly upon the field desks, used for an altar—but they didn't help much more than the stars and moon still shining. The wind was blowing terrifically and we used hymn books to hold down the altar cloths; it would have been foolish trying to light candles. All during Mass a soldier stood by me with a flashlight on the missal, lighting the page and holding it in place. The wind blew the chasuble over my head more than once.

When I turned around after the Gospel and found over 100 soldiers huddled around, shivering even in their G.I. overcoats and mittens, I actually felt moisture in my eyes and a lump in my throat; my heart was warm, though my body was ice cold. It was a sermon already preached and in a few words I told them as much. It was a wonderful sight: there was the holy Sacrifice of the Mass being offered on an altar made of field desks, covered with the blue canopy of a Texas sky; the Texas soil for a sanctuary floor, with bermuda grass as its carpet and with cactus plants for flowers; the only candles were the twinkling stars, and the sanctuary lamp was a full harvest moon. Father Thomas J. Rosherko, S.M., in a letter.

The Gift

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

Christmas is where you make it

Condensed from *The Sign**

Dave had been awake for several minutes before he looked toward the next cot. Bill was awake, too, lying there staring at the ceiling.

"Merry Christmas," Dave said quietly, attempting a cheerfulness that did not quite come off.

Bill didn't move. Still looking at the ceiling he said, "Yeah," but a moment later, he, too, forced a warmer note into his words and added, "Same to you; lots of 'em."

Dave got up and walked to the window. It was early, but the air was warm and the garden was a mass of subtropical color. A passer-by was wearing a linen coat.

It was Dec. 25 all right, the calendar said that; and the army and navy had granted special leaves, but it certainly wasn't Christmas. Not Dave's Christmas, or Bill's.

"If you get up now we can go to eight-o'clock," Dave said, not turning from the window. "Otherwise we'll have to wait till ten."

Bill didn't answer, just jumped from the bed.

They did not say much as they shaved, showered, and dressed, but they thought a lot. They were young, a long way from home, and while they would have fought a guy who called them homesick, that's just what they were. They scuffed out of the house.

"Sunshine and flowers," Bill growled. "Me, too," Dave agreed. "It'll be all right with me if I never see another poinsettia."

Yet, in previous years he had been proud of the bright-blossomed plants he had bought for his mother. He began to think of those Christmases before hate and savagery had been unleashed: of icicles glistening along the window casements, evergreens heavy with snow, red-bowed holly wreaths in the windows, flames leaping in the fireplace, and youngsters begging to try out new sleighs and skates.

The sight of the church stemmed Dave's half-angry thoughts. His was the wrong mood for Mass, he told himself, but even though he tried, he couldn't entirely banish the contrasts.

The little church fairly bulged with worshipers that morning, so Dave and Bill knelt at the back, while the priest began the familiar service. As it progressed, some of Dave's loneliness slid away, for the thought came to him that his parents, his younger brothers and sister, his best girl, were all hearing the same words, kneeling in the same Sacrifice of the Mass.

He felt better about life as he left the church: there was something Christmasy about the way the young woman who was assistant director at the NCCS club reminded all the fel-

**Union City, N. J. December, 1942.*

lows that the club was serving a special breakfast. Breakfast was swell, and the tall, gaily decorated tree in the main hall was just right. After they had eaten, Dave and Bill tossed a ball back and forth until the club director asked if they'd like a swim. The pool at the resort hotel was open, and servicemen were invited.

"Swimming on Christmas?" Dave resented the idea.

"Might as well," Bill suggested.

"But don't forget, you're due back here at 12." The director brought a list from his pocket. "I've put you fellows down for Christmas dinner with the Baldwins."

They both said "Thanks," though Dave wondered if it wouldn't be just as much fun to eat in a restaurant downtown. But they said they'd be back on time; and they were, hungry from their exercise.

Mr. Baldwin was a man of 50-odd. His house wasn't far away, so they started down the sun-baked street. Their host asked questions, where they were from, how long they'd been in the service. He was a friendly guy, all right, and when they reached his home they were welcomed by Mrs. Baldwin, her married daughter, Mrs. Wilson, whose husband was an officer in the Air Corps, and the three Wilson kids, a boy, Tommy, about ten, and his older and younger sisters.

They were a nice family all right. The kids showed them their toys, and Mr. Baldwin served sherry. Dave put away a second helping of everything, and agreed with Mr. Baldwin that he

felt more or less like a "stuffed pup." When the meal was over, and the women of the household were clearing the table, Mr. Baldwin took Bill and Dave to the veranda, where they pulled their chairs into the shade.

Getting out of the sun on Christmas! It was nuts. But soon the day got to be more like Christmas, for Tommy came round the corner of the house with bad news. He had been given a train, one of the mechanical type, and had broken the spring of the engine. That made Dave feel at home. He had two young brothers who always broke their presents right off the bat.

"Let's see if we can fix it," Dave suggested, and he and Bill conferred on how to mend the toy. Mr. Baldwin had dozed off, so when they wanted tools they went to the back door, and Mrs. Baldwin brought them a box of old wire, nails, screws, bolts, and pliers. Just the kind of a box Dave's mother always kept on a shelf in the cellar.

The dishes were finished and Mr. Baldwin awake again by the time the engine was repaired, and a few minutes later Mrs. Baldwin came to the veranda to explain that the family had planned to make some calls.

"We always pack a few Christmas baskets and deliver them ourselves," she said, "and after that we're going to the USO. Almost everyone in town's going there this evening."

"It'll be a regular community affair," Mr. Baldwin added.

"But we want you boys to do whatever you'd enjoy most," Mrs. Baldwin went on. "You can go with us—stay

here—or perhaps you'd rather go back to the club."

Dave thought for a minute, looking toward Bill as if trying to read his thoughts.

"Come on with us," Tommy urged, taking hold of Dave's hand. Tommy won.

They stopped at several humble homes; their final call was on old Mrs. Grant. She was a bright, uncomplaining little lady who had once been prosperous, and Dave began to wonder, as he sat listening to her cheery conversation, if there was something he could do for her.

"Need any jobs done around the place?" he asked finally. "You've got three men here; might as well take advantage of them."

"It's Christmas," old Mrs. Grant reminded him, but in the next minute she told him that the hinges of a front shutter were so loose she was afraid it would fall in the next high wind.

"Maybe this is one time when it's a real case of better the day, better the deed," Mr. Baldwin suggested.

"Let's look at all the shutters," Bill decided, and they went outside. They tightened the hinges on three, then found the back door didn't close properly because it had sagged, so they fixed that, too. Mr. Baldwin and Tommy helped, but Dave and Bill did the real work.

After they left Mrs. Grant's they went to the NCCS club. As Mr. Baldwin had predicted, most of the community had turned out for the Christmas party, which began with age-old

carols. Everyone sang until supper was announced.

And there was turkey! Great platters of white meat and dark, with dressing and cranberry jelly on the side. Slices of buttered bread were piled ready for sandwiches; there were bowls of salad, and mince pies, Christmas cookies and coffee.

"Sort of makes me think of raiding the kitchen back home," one of the fellows allowed, and Dave agreed. His mother had always wanted to set the table Christmas night, but the family had preferred to picnic in the kitchen.

Then, when the buffet supper was over, and the older people were starting home, a small orchestra began to play for dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin left, but their daughter stayed. She and Dave danced and talked about themselves. Dave told of his having been drafted from a small town in Wisconsin, and Mrs. Wilson of how her husband had belonged to the National Guard, but was now overseas.

"I guess it's been tougher for you than for me," Dave suggested.

"I never think about that—only that there's a job to be done and I've got to do my share."

"A job that'll earn us the right to live in the peace that comes to men of good will," Dave said thoughtfully.

Mrs. Wilson nodded, and they circled the floor in silence.

The party didn't last very late; by ten most of them were gone, and Bill suggested that he ought to grab a bus and start back. Maybe Dave ought to be getting back to camp.

They got their hats and said good night to the director, who was standing near the door.

Outside they hesitated. Someone had started to play the piano, brilliantly improvising the familiar music of *Oh Little Town of Bethlehem*, and as he stood listening Dave decided that it had been a good day, far happier than he had dreamed it could be. He thought of the hours that had passed since his gloomy wakening, and wondered just what it was that made him feel so differently. At first he couldn't arrive at any conclusion, but presently it came to him.

It was Christmas, and his day had included all that Christmas stood for. He had knelt in homage at Mass, strangers had invited him in, he had mended a child's toy and the shutter of an old woman's home.

He breathed deeply, conscious that the musician was repeating the simple harmony. Humming the tune, he remembered the words, though it was not the familiar first verse that came to him, but another. "How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given," he sang under his breath; then, realizing that Bill was beside him, he broke off.

"I guess there's guys from the South who've gone to USO clubs up north and found Christmas just like we've found it down here," Dave said softly. "I guess Christmas hasn't anything to do with climate; it's a wondrous gift—something that belongs to the heart."

Bill did not answer at once; the only sound was the soaring music of the carol. And even when Bill did speak all he said was "Yeah." After a moment he said it again.



All Wool

When Wolsey underwear was first put on the market in the last century, some Protestants did not like the idea of a Roman prelate, and an imperious one at that, coming so near. One letter from a critic has just been reprinted—in the *Foundry Trades Journal*, since Wolsey was a hard man—and runs like this:

"At the expense of being considered bigoted, to tell you the truth, I do not like the Brand, although the material is excellent in quality. The man whose likeness appears, 'Wolsey,' was one under whom poor Protestants *writhed*, and although you may say this is a small matter and of no importance, it indicates the Firm allowing such to go forth in these critical times is at least careless, if not genuine Roman Catholic, and a feather will indicate which way the wind blows. Again, the buttons would be better of linen instead of pearl. Please duplicate my order."

Father Mathew Record (Oct. '42).

December 7th

By A. J. CRONIN

Open letter to citizens

Condensed from *Redbook Magazine**

Citizens of the U.S.: A year ago, on Sunday, a day hallowed by all Christian nations, dedicated to the worship of the universal God, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

All over this great country, people were at rest, at peace. On the broad and rolling acres of the Midwest, the farmer, pipe in mouth, surveyed his week's work and found it good; in the green forests of Maine and Oregon the lumberman laid down his ax; along the Pacific coast, up and down the rugged New England shores, the fisherman dried and mended his nets. In the far-flung towns and villages, some nestling among snow-capped hills, some lying open upon sun-drenched plains, men and women and little children went in happiness from their homes, answering the friendly call of church bells.

You did not wish war. Your President had solemnly proclaimed the utter absence of any national desire to conquer the possessions of other powers. Your statesmen, again and again, had decried war as a brutal anachronism, a bar to progress and the forward march of civilization. You, the people, raised in a land of friendship and equality, where many men of many creeds and races rub shoulders in mutual tolerance, failed to comprehend why reason rather than brute force

should not prevail in the settlement of international affairs.

Yet war came to you, terribly, horribly, out of the blue sky; came through no honorable declaration of hostilities as demanded by the ethics of international law; came in a dastardly assault delivered at the very moment when the emissaries of Japan, behind false smiles and expressions of profound esteem, were avowedly negotiating for peace. When the smoke cleared from the shattered ships and airplanes, when the bodies of the dead were garnered from the wreckage and laid to rest, each beneath its tiny cross in that ravished tropic isle, America was at war. "Remember Pearl Harbor" became the cry, the battle slogan of an outraged people: "Remember Pearl Harbor."

The desecration of that Sunday on Dec. 7 was no mere accident, but rather the symbol, the very keynote of the aggressor's theme. On every tainted sod where the Axis heel has pressed, there the good lies crushed, there the evil sprouts; religion is suppressed, churches closed, ministers of God interned or executed, youth perverted, morality derided, the sacred ties of family flaunted, every accepted principle of decency and humanity tossed in the flames of that same bonfire wherein were sacrificed, with all the ghoulisn frenzies of a tribal rite, the

books of enlightenment and freedom.

Look, citizens of America, to the countries that have tasted the delights of this New Order, the small homely countries which begged only to be left alone to pursue their inoffensive and industrious ways — countries wherein many of you claim kinship—on which, as on you, the hounds of war were savagely unleashed, and which now have drunk to its bloody dregs the cup of rapine and mass murder.

In Greece the starved bodies of women and their babies lie with sightless eyes unturned, putrefying in the gutters, awaiting the tumbril which will drag them to be pitchforked to the common grave, while the food that should be theirs is carried off to nourish the "Aryan" superlords. In Poland they dangle from the trees and lamp-posts, the simple little people whose only crime was love of liberty—grotesque marionettes, their necks elongated by the hangman's noose, swaying in the breeze, the ribald sport of the invaders. In Holland and in Belgium they stand, innocent hostages, pinioned in rows against a pock-marked wall before the firing squad; then sag into the gaping ditch they have been forced to dig, filled already with the butchered bodies of their compatriots.

All this, and more, horrors and miseries undreamed of, degradations that torture and debase the spirit, rage through the world like a festering plague; and all, all this pestilence sown on the winds by those wicked men who, strutting their palace balconies, shouted to the multitudes that war was

mankind's greatest good and peace the greatest evil! Can one think of it unmoved, without vowing to the eternal heaven that such things must not, shall not go unavenged, that we shall never rest in our crusade to rid the world forever of this new Attila and his allies in crime?

We of the democracies are a temperate people who do not readily treasure hate: that is why our enemies have sneered that we are soft. Also, the very remoteness of these barbarities may serve to render them unreal to us: we shudder as we read of them and then they slip our memory. Our town remains unbombed; our house still stands foursquare beneath the untouched maples; for many of us life still moves on much as usual. Lulled to a false security, we may thus forget that we ourselves stand in dreadful danger, that only our united strength can keep the deadly havoc of Warsaw and Rotterdam from our own familiar streets.

Make no mistake, we prosecute this struggle not to liberate the enslaved nations alone, but to save ourselves from an equal ruin, a greater slavery. In the face of a sworn intention to destroy us, we fight for our very birthright, and for the birthright of our children, and our children's children. We fight, too, for Christianity, against the pagan hordes, fight for that way of life proclaimed by the Man who suffered for all men, who died that we might live.

Should we not, therefore, after one year renew our faith, fortify our resolu-

tion, and rededicate ourselves to this supreme cause to which we stand irrevocably committed? In the year that has passed we have done much. Our fighters have proved themselves by unexampled deeds of heroism; and our workers, by increasing production, have earned the nation's gratitude. Yet this, all this, is not enough. There is an effort of the spirit which we must make. We must hold more firmly together, close our ranks to even greater unity.

Against us there stands an enemy, formidable, relentlessly prepared, cohort upon cohort of ruthless soldiers, ready to give themselves as one man at the word of command, with the fury of a blind fanaticism. How can we match this save by a greater and a nobler faith, by the union of our individual wills into one fierce white flame of ardor? Remembering the awful issues which are at stake, we must strive for dignity, still our petty internal squabbles, abandon all easy complacency, cease to throw at one another unjust recriminations and cheap abuse,

follow our chosen leaders with unflinching devotion, and—beyond all else—strangle the viper of self-interest at its birth.

Are there men among us with soul so dead who would turn this war to their own financial gain, betray this sacred cause for 30 pieces of silver? When the finest of our youths yield up their lives, nobly, willingly, when the nation stands in mortal peril, who would dare use such an hour to haggle and squeeze for an extra dollar in profit or in wages, to murmur at the trivial infringements on his comforts, to raise a whine against the inroads made upon his pocket by the needs of war taxation? If there be such a one, let him stand forward for all to see, so that we, the people, may shame him by greater and still greater sacrifice. If the way is hard, let us ask only that it be harder; if the load be heavy, let us grit our teeth and bear a heavier. Whatever crosses may be ours must count as nothing beside those born upon that Calvary where they have crucified our human charity.



Although we do our best, we simply cannot comply with all the requests we get to send copies of the CATHOLIC DIGEST to camps and forts. Therefore, let readers help by remailing their copies to soldiers; and *quickly*, because soldiers like new issues, too. Better still, buy an extra copy and mail that. (It takes a 2c stamp.) Or still better, subscribe for a soldier (special rate is \$2 a year). Frequent reports reach us that copies of the CATHOLIC DIGEST go from hand to hand in the camps until they are literally worn to shreds.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Agar, Herbert. *A Time for Greatness*. Boston: Little, Brown. 301 pp. \$2.50.

A high culture without nobility or principle has lowered us and undermined the bases of peace. A love for justice and charity under God will rehabilitate us as Americans and make peace with freedom a likelihood.

D'Arcy, Martin Cyril. *Death and Life*. New York: Longmans. 192 pp. \$2.

A sketch of realities beyond death that gives meaning to riddles of pain.

Farrell, Walter. *A Companion to the Summa. Volume IV: The Way of Life*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 464 pp. \$3.75.

The final volume of this modern presentation of the *Summa Theologica*, in which we see how Saint Thomas looked on Christ, His Mother, and His bequest of the sacraments to men.

Fennelly, Bernard. *Follow Me; the Three Vows of Religion*. London: Burns Oates. 203 pp. \$3.

An excellent treatise to give to your friend who is a Religious, or to the other friend who wonders why girls go to be nuns.

Furfey, Paul Hanly. *A History of Social Thought*. New York: Macmillan. 468 pp. \$2.75.

Men have always tried to put plan and order into their life in society. In a factual, dispassionate style this book traces the effort from ancient times through the Middle Ages and the last 400 years to 1939, with special emphasis on Catholic social thought.

Horgan, Paul. *The Common Heart*. New York: Harper. 398 pp. \$2.50.

A fine novel with its setting in Albuquerque and the upper Rio Grande region. The mature work of a chronicler of life in the Southwest.

Noyes, Alfred. *Poems of the New World*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 134 pp. \$2.50.

A collection of all Noyes' poems on American scenes and history. *Atlantic Charter*, *Old Man Mountain*, and *Junipero Finds a Lodging for the Night* move from grandeur through play to pathos.

Raymond, M. *The Family that Overtook Christ*. New York: Kenedy. 422 pp. \$2.75.

The story of St. Bernard of Clairvaux and his family; novelized history that brings the 12th century to our doors. By the author of *The Man who Got Even with God*.

Savage, A. H. *Dogsled Apostles*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 231 pp. \$2.75.

Alaska's 80 years of mission history; character sketches of the pioneers; anecdotes and description of Eskimo life on the lower Yukon. Illustrated.

A Short Breviary for Religious and the Laity, 2nd ed. Edited by monks of St. John's Abbey. Collegeville, Minn.: Liturgical Press. 766 pp. \$2.85.

Simplified breviary in English for the layman long overdue.